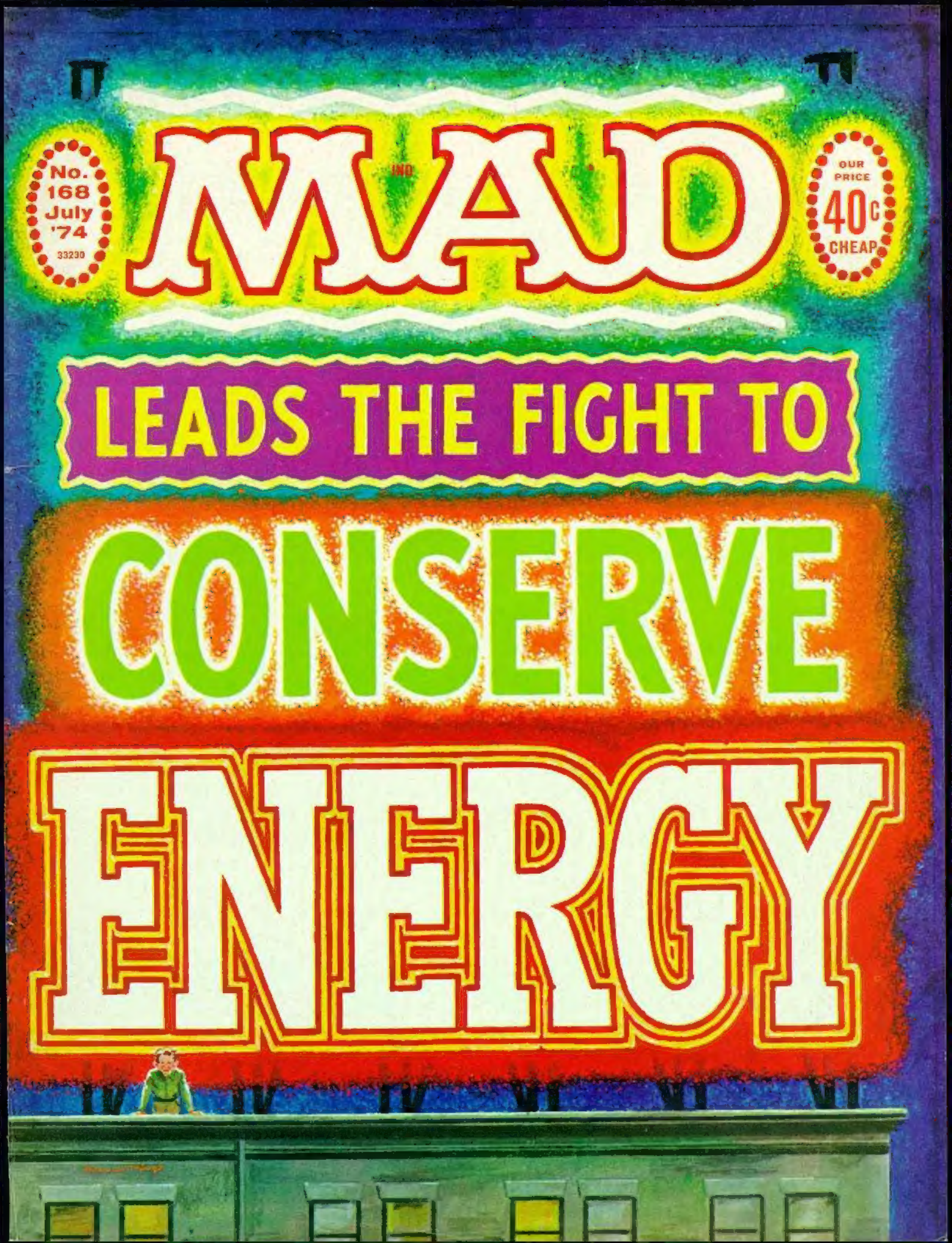
No. 168 July '74
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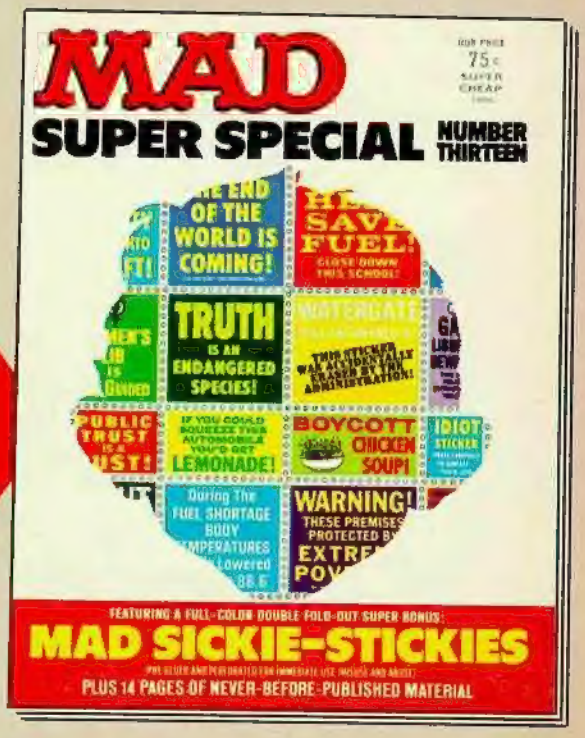

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NUMBER 168 JULY 1974

MAD

"Don't worry about forgetting your girl-friend's birthday: you'll catch it later!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

AMERICAN CONFETTI

"American Confetti" was an incredibly amusing article. It was reminiscent of a de luxe cheeseburger at Hamburger Heaven or Eddie Haskell of the "Leave It To Beaver" show at his best.

Jim Schoppet
Lynchburg College
Lynchburg, Va.

Mort Drucker is certainly true-blue to MAD! He illustrated the original "American Graffiti" movie poster PLUS your own witty satire, but he did an even better job of it for MAD.

Artie Hondros
Winston-Salem, N.C.

I was terribly disappointed that you tore an excellent movie into little pieces.

Linda Sorrell
Milwaukee, Wisc.

I fell out of my Edsel while laughing at Mort Drucker's and Larry Siegel's flashy flashback!

Caren Croland
Glen Rock, N.J.

Larry Siegel can take his "American Confetti" and cruise up Main Street and down Elm with it!

Ron Barchi
E. Detroit, Mich.

Really, when you think about it, "streaking" doesn't pollute or waste gas like "cruising" did!

Linda Copersino
New York, N.Y.

OUR FLOUNDERING FATHERS

Your back cover was great! Thanks for cutting down Nixon!

Dan Kunkel
Marshfield, Wisc.

Regarding "Our Floundering Fathers", by Jaffee and Rickard, who's *under* the fallen tree? Dean??

Bill Montgomery
Middletown, N.Y.

I see where Tricky Rick (Jack Rickard) gave our "Floundering Father" *another* residence; Mount Vernon, Virginia. San Clemente *South* . . . ?

Thomas Pritchard
Ocean Grove, N.J.

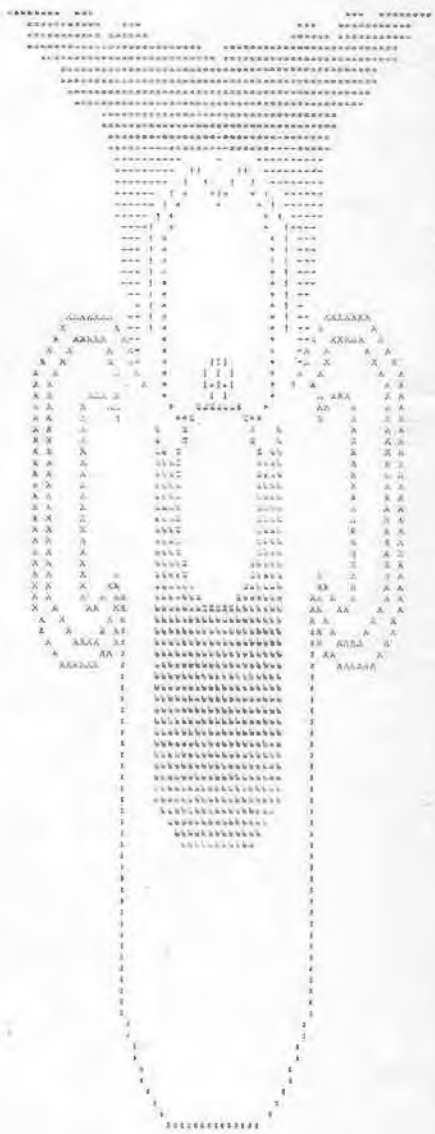
I cannot tell a lie. "Our Floundering Fathers" tells it like it probably is!

Ernie Warren
Lenoir, N.C.

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY COMPUTER

The computer at St. Lawrence University came down with a mysterious ailment last week. It appears to be hysterical. It giggles and issues unreadable printouts, one of which is enclosed. The professors, technicians, and students are baffled. Having already consulted all the intelligent people we know, we are turning to you for some explanation.

Eric Hudson
Canton, N.Y.



Your printout indicates you are attuned to one of the truly great intellects in the universe, Don Martin. Feel honored!—Ed.

A MAD LOOK AT MISS LIBERTY

I bet the French, who gave us the Statue Of Liberty, never thought she'd be a damsel in distress. (Gasp!)

Ted Fels
Los Angeles, Calif.

What's a nice gal like "...Miss Liberty" doing in a place like *this*?

Yoli Stassinopoulos
Potomac, Md.

M*A*S*H*UGA

Since the MAD satirists usually understand the theme of the show they cleverly skewer, it is pathetic that writer Stan Hart misses the point of M*A*S*H so utterly. Saddest of all is the fact that none of his gags come close to the wit of even the most minor M*A*S*H wisecrack. What happened? The only thing which eased Hart's failure was Torres's usual excellent drawings.

Barbara Bergstrom
Waltham, Mass.

LIGHTER SIDE OF POLARIZATION

While reading Dave Berg's "Lighter Side Of Polarization", my opposing group (names withheld) gave me the ol' *pulverization* to the jaw!

Bob Derhay
Bricktown, N.J.

IF PEOPLE WERE LABELED LIKE PRODUCTS

You left out the following two in "If People Were Labeled Like Products" . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
Ingredients

Frustration Over Not Becoming A Famous Painter	35%
Frustration Over Having to Work For MAD Magazine	35%
Frustration Over Having To Illustrate Frank Jacobs' Writing	30%

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS
Ingredients

Frustration Over Not Becoming A Famous Author	35%
Frustration Over Having to Work For MAD Magazine	35%
Frustration Over Not Having Drucker Illustrate All His Writing	30%

But all kidding aside, Jacobs and Clarke *are* a great team. Let's see more.

Fred Patten
Long Beach, Calif.

After reading "If People Were Labeled Like Products," here is how I'd label it:

Satire	35%
Inventiveness	25%
Good Taste	25%
Originality	15%
Humor	5%

Seriously, though, it was great. Keep up the good work. You make many people happy.

George Webster
St-Hubert, Quebec, Can.

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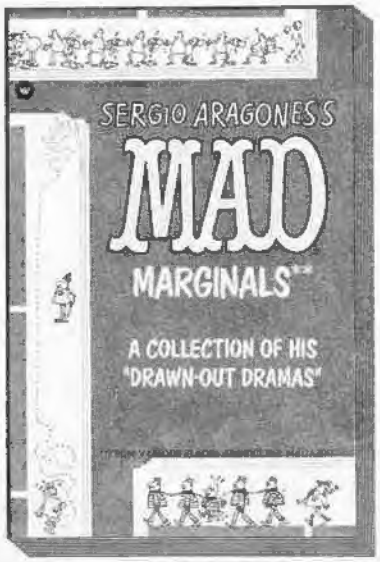
STREAKING!

Yep! The naked truth is simply: These full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, have been sitting in our stockroom —unsold—for so long, they're getting streaked with dust! So since they're suitable for framing, here's your chance to dress up your walls . . . and strip our shelves bare! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

IT'S A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



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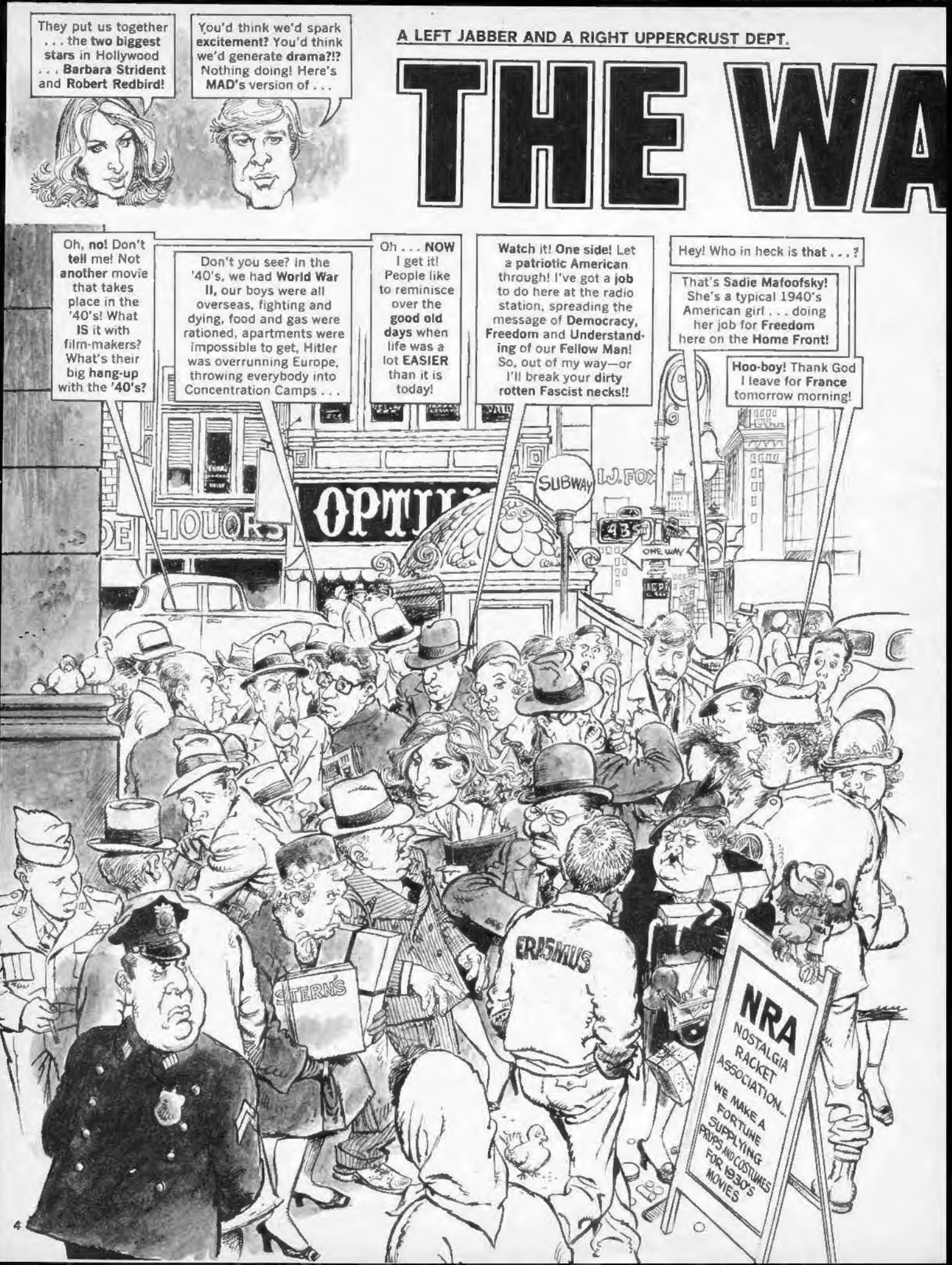
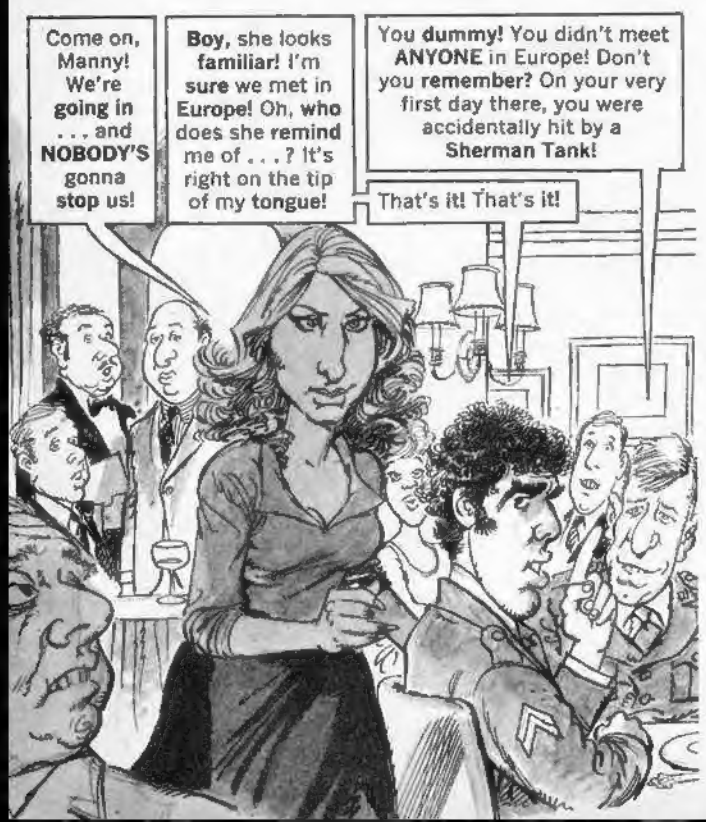
THE WA



AY WE BORE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



We are now going to have a **flash-back** to the **'30's**, and I'll show you how I met **Hubbard** in **college!** I realize that it's **hard enough** to look at me from a **distance** in this ridiculous '40's hair-style, so this **close-up** must be **murder!** But just wait till you see me in my **1930's** hair-style!

Er . . . anybody wanna try for the **1920's?**

Anyway, it's **1938**, and I'm working my way through college where I'm majoring in **Math, History** and **Advanced Rabble-Rousing!**

And now, for our **next** campus speaker, that star of **stage, screen** and **radio** . . . namely she **stages revolutions, screens Fascists** and sings with the **Don Cossack Chorus** . . . the **next Commissar** of the U.S., **Sadie Mafoofsky!**

Who wants to hear **HER!?** Send her back to **Russia!**

No, no! Let her **speak!** Sadie, tell us about the great **Civil War** which is raging, and how it could be the forerunner of **World War II!**

That's right! Fellow workers, we must join the forces of **good** in that Civil War, and destroy the **oppressors!**

That's telling 'em!

Okay, now here's my plan! We must get **more guns** to **General Grant** and **more horses** to **General Sherman!** General Lee must be **smashed**, and—

Dummy! THAT Civil War was over **long ago!** We won . . . **remember?**

Hey! **No kidding?** See what Communist know-how can **do?**

BOOO!

HSSSS!

Get that Commie Pinko **OFF!!**

Gee, **too bad!** I had such a **great speech, too!** It went like this— "Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth . . ."

You didn't write that speech!

Oh, **no?!?** Take a look at the back of this **envelope!**

Boy, is she **stupid** . . . mixing up **OUR** Civil War with the **Spanish** Civil War!

Hey, **Hubbard!** How come you're **staring** at her like that?

There's something **about** that girl, A.K.! I—I think I'm in **love** with her!

W—with **HER?!?**

Yes! When I **look** at her, I—I think of my **Mother!**

But—but your Mother is **Protestant**, she's **Jewish!** Your Mother is **refined**, she's **coarse!** Your Mother is **beautiful**, she's **homely!** How **COULD** you love her?!?

Easy! I HATE my **Mother!!**

There's **Hubbard** and his **crowd!** I hear he **likes** you!

Well, I don't go for **HIM! Listen** to them, playing their **dumb WASP games!**

Okay! Er . . . what's the **best hospital?**

Columbia Presbyterian!

What's the best **food?**

Hellman's Mayonnaise

Best **joke?**

Why does a **Methodist chicken** cross the road?

To get to the **white bread crumbs** on the other side!

He **never misses!!**

How come you're so **cold** to me, Sadie?

Because you and I have **nothing** in **common!**

But we have a **LOT** in common! I'll **show** you! What's the **best hospital?**

Jewish Memorial!

Uh . . . **next** question! What's the best **food!**

Gefilte fish!

Uh . . . I'm beginning to see what you **mean!**

Best **joke?**

A **36-year old clown** like **you** . . . trying to convince the **movie audience** that you're a **20-year-old college student!**

I got a much **better** joke! A **32-year-old POT** like **you** . . . calling the **KETTLE "Black"!**

Look at them! Two people . . . from **two different worlds!** Who'd have thought this could **happen?** It's like a **Fairy Tale—come true!**

Yeah! **"Beauty and The Beast"!**

Aww, **he's** not **THAT pretty!**

Well, Sadie . . . our **final dance!** Tomorrow, we **graduate**—and go our **separate ways!** I'll go on to a great **Writing Career,** and you'll go on to **save Stalingrad!**

I'm gonna **miss** you, Hubbard!

Well, that's how it all began! And now, here it is, **1942** . . . and we meet in a **Night Club** . . .

Hubbard! **Hubbard, wake up!**

Z Z Z

Hubbard! It's **me! Sadie Mafoofsky!** The girl you once knew, back in **college!**

Huh . . . ? **Who** . . . ? Sadie **Mafoffsky??**

Yes . . . **yes** . . . **do you remember me?**

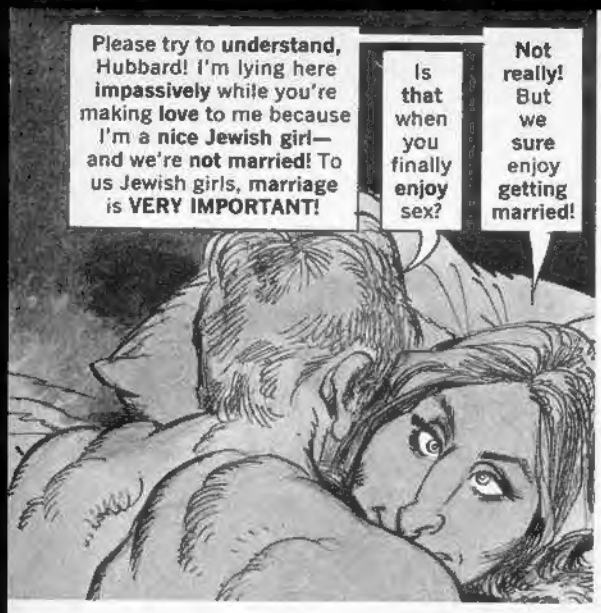
Sure . . .

Remember the **exciting times** we had together?

Z Z Z

Oh, Manny, it was **Fate** that brought us together again! And now, I'll take him **home** with me! He's so **wonderful!** He has so much to **offer** a girl! I only hope I'm **woman enough** to **take** everything he can **give!** Am I making myself **clear?**

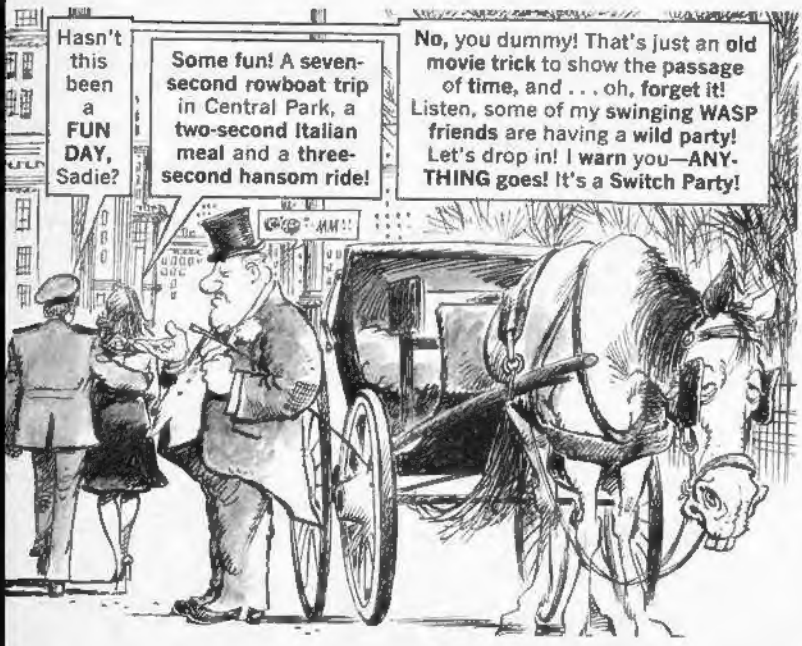
Oh, **sure,** baby! The way I see it . . . you're planning to **ROLL** this **drunken sailor!**


Please try to understand, Hubbard! I'm lying here impassively while you're making love to me because I'm a nice Jewish girl—and we're not married! To us Jewish girls, marriage is VERY IMPORTANT!
Is that when you finally enjoy sex?
Not really! But we sure enjoy getting married!

We've been living together for a month, and it's been great since I stopped being religious! And I love you in your Naval Uniform! Which leads me—and the movie audience—to a rather personal question! Namely, just what do you DO in the Navy, anyway??
I'd rather not say! I don't want to worry you!
Please tell me! I can take it! War has hardened me!
Well, if you must know, I write books! I'm a Novelist First Class!
I read your last book! You're a Novelist Third Rate!
FDR
NIRA

Sure! Make fun of a poor G.I.—writing for his country!
Sorry! I know how rough it can be—slogging through blocked thoughts, never knowing if your next sentence will be your last!
God, War is Hell!
Hubbard, you could be a great writer!
But I AM a great writer! Everyone says I'm the most creative writer in the Brooklyn Navy Yard!
You—you could be even BETTER with the right girl to inspire you! Imagine how great you'd be, married to a beautiful girl! Imagine that beautiful girl being me!
I'm not THAT creative!
Enough of this! Let's spend a full, glorious day together . . . and show the audience how our love is growing!

VILLA PALMA


Hasn't this been a FUN DAY, Sadie?
Some fun! A seven-second rowboat trip in Central Park, a two-second Italian meal and a three-second hansom ride!
No, you dummy! That's just an old movie trick to show the passage of time, and . . . oh, forget it! Listen, some of my swinging WASP friends are having a wild party! Let's drop in! I warn you—ANYTHING goes! It's a Switch Party!

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah! Someone's in the kitchen, I know—ow—ow—ow—
This is a SWITCH PARTY?!?
In a few minutes, they'll switch to "Red River Valley"! Then . . . ANYTHING can happen!

It's **no use!** I don't think we're going to **make it** together!

Why? Because I **don't fit in** with your **WASP friends?** Because I'm **coarse** and **vulgar?** You think I'm **too pushy**, don't you?!?

No, Sad e . . I **don't** think you're pushy!

Don't **lie** to me! I **know** you think I'm pushy! **WHY** do you think I'm pushy? What did I ever do to **make** you think I'm pushy? **Tell me!** You **DO** think I'm pushy, **don't** you? ? Say I'm pushy, or I'll **kill** you!!

OKAY!! I think you're **pushy!!**

Boy, are **YOU** an **anti-Semite!**

'm **leaving** you Sadie!

Don't go! I'll **change!** I'll get a **nose** job! I'll become a **WASP!** I'll take courses at **Southern Methodist! Look!** I'm eating a whole loaf of **White Bread!** It's **GREAT!!**

No, Sad e! When two people ıving together have **nothing in common,** when they **hate** each other, when they're at each other's **throats** all the time, what are they **SUPPOSED** to do!?

They get **MARRIED!!**

Hasn't th s been **great fun,** Sadie?

Some fun! A two-second boat ride off Malibu, a **three-second dip** in the Pacific, **seven seconds** of **unpacking,** and—

You **DID** that schtick!!

Look, those scenes are supposed to show we're **married** and living in **Hollywood** in the **'50's,** where I'm a **successful writer!** Now, get dressed! Our **typical Hollywood friends** are coming over!

Hi, typical Hollywood **friends! What's new?**

We're in **big trouble,** Hubbard! **Congress** s cracking down on the **Film Industry!** They claim it's loaded with **COMMUNISTS!!**

That's **ridiculous!** Where did you get that **idiotic** and **vicious rumor?**

Right here in Sadie's copy of **"The Daily Worker"!**

Sadie . . you've got to stop this **rabble-rousing!**

But I gotta do **SOMETHING** while you're at the studio all day!

I understand! But selling **atomic secrets** to the **Russians?**

It helps pass the time! I **hate Mah Jongg!**

Now listen to me! We're invited to a **big shindig** tomorrow night! It's a kook e kind of **Hollywood Masquerade Party** where all the guests come as their favorite **Marx Brother!** I'm working **late,** so I'll **meet** you there! And for God's sake, **behave** yourself!

Hi, Everybody!

Hi, Hubba **I'm Groucho, too!**

I'm **Chico!**

I'm **Harpo!**

Hi, Sadie! Uh—er **WHICH Marx** are you?

KARL!

That does it!

Sadie, what are we doing at a station, welcoming "The Hollywood Ten"? I don't even know what "The Hollywood Ten" IS!!

Neither do I! They never really explain it in the script! Just cheer! Here they come!

Look! There's Bernie Bigelow, who wrote "Abbott And Costello Meet Their Dentist"!

And there's Hi Plettz, who wrote "Ma And Pa Kettle In Cleveland"!

And look! Al Lumox, who wrote "Blondie Gets A Stove"!

Sadie, I think we had it this time! We've got nothing going for us, and it's best we get a divorce!

Yeah! I guess you're right, Hubba!

I'll go on here in Hollywood to build my writing career! What about you . . . ?

Don't worry about me! I'll go on to Berlin to build a WALL!

Peace now! Ban the Bomb! Ban the Bomb!

Sadie, you're such a troubled girl! Have you ever been in love? Married??

Yeah, ONCE! But I haven't seen the guy in ten years! Which means he should be showing up unexpectedly any minute now!

BAN THE BOMB

BAN THE BOMB

Hello, Sadie!

Hello, Hubba! What's been keeping you?

I got held up by two traffic lights . . . and a second marriage!

Oh, Hubba, I've missed you! It's been hell all these years without you! Absolute hell!

I write for TV now!

Wow! Talk about hell!

Well, I just wanted to say, "Hello!" My wife is waiting for me! Good luck, Sadie!

Yeah, you too! Oh, well! Back to work . . .

Ban the Bomb! Ban the Bomb!

Sadie, I got bad news for you! You think you can take it?

What is it?

I'm afraid it's too late! The Bomb has already fallen!

Oh, no! Where? WHERE . . . ?

All over the country!

Oh, God! What a holocaust!

BARBARA STRIDENT & ROBERT REDBIRD in THE WAY WE BO

BARBARA STRIDENT & ROBERT REDBIRD in THE WAY WE BORE

BARBARA STRIDENT & ROBERT REDBIRD in THE WAY WE BORE

ONE FLIGHT UP

NOW PLAYING

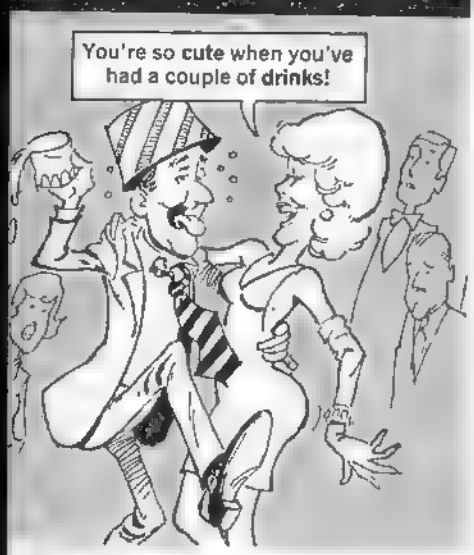
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE EVENING AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

WEDDING BELTS DEPT.

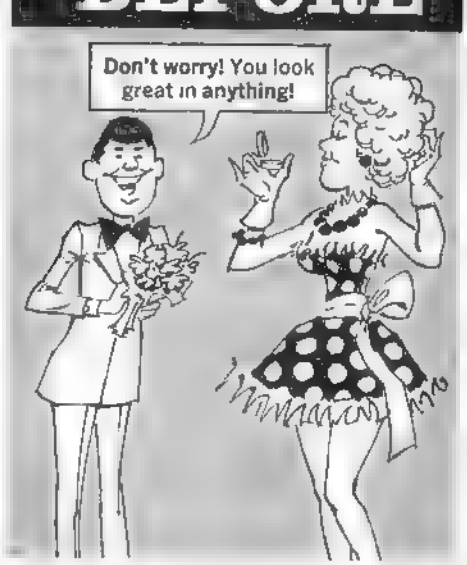
A MAD LOOK AT MARRIAGE...

BEFORE



AFTER

BEFORE



BEFORE AND AFTER

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: GEORGE HART

STRIKE UP THE BLAND DEPT.

A lot of things are wrong with Television, but there's one improvement that could be made with very little trouble. Namely, begin every show with a singable Theme Song so people would walk out of the room humming the tune on their way to the bathroom during commercial breaks. Which is as good as any way of introducing this assortment of . . .

SINGABLE THEME SONGS FOR TV SHOWS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Kung Fu
(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")

Kung Fu—
For highbrows it's groovy,
Like some new-wave movie,
But much more mystic instead,

Kung Fu—
For lowbrows there's killin',
Then seein' the villain
Get sev'ral kicks in the head,

Kung Fu—
It's nothin' like "Gunsmoke;"
The hero's some kind of priest
From the far-out Far East;

Kung Fu—
A Western that's screwy—
As clear as chop suey,
For you—
Kung Fu!

The Mary Tyler Moore Show
(Sung to the tune of "More")

Moore
Plays a meddler who is full of mirth;
Moore
Is part Lucy and part Mary Worth;
Moore
Plays a low-paid TV typist-clerk;
Moore
Makes you wish it were her real-life work;

Moore
Has a boss who's tough,
Yes, Moore
Loves that Hackneyed stuff,
'Cause Moore
Knows what viewers go for,
Else what would they watch her show for?

Moore
Is the girl for whom the show is named;
Moore
Through America is now acclaimed;
Moore
Gets those close-up shots galore,
Is the one that fans adore,
'Cause the show is owned by . . . Moore!

The Tuesday Movie Of The Week
(Sung to the tune of
"Strangers in the Night")

Movies Tuesday night
To give you pleasure;
Movies Tuesday night
That you will treasure;
Epics of the world
You rarely get to see!

They were filmed wide-screen—
The ends are missing;
We don't show the sex—
Just heavy kissing;
Should they run too long
We cut them for TV!

Movies Tuesday night—
Don't mind the brief commercials;
Movies Tuesday night—
With plugs for Charmin Tissue,
Ajax, Auto-Lite,
Ban and Ultra-Brite,
Coca-Cola, Listerine,
Plus thirty short ones in between!

And should the film get dull
We'll never leave you;
We'll just break the lull
With next week's preview!
It's so out of sight—
The Movie Tuesday Night!

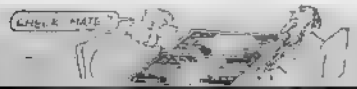
Columbo

(Sung to the tune of "They Call the Wind Maria")

You may prefer
A character
Like Donald Duck or Dumbo,
This guy's for real,
A true schlemiel,
And we call the clod Columbo!
Columbo! Columbo!
We call the clod Columbo!

He bumbles through
Each show we do,
His brain's like chicken-gumbo,
And yet this schnook
Tracks down each crook,
And we call the clod Columbo!
Columbo! Columbo!
We call the clod Columbo!

So sit and gawk
While Peter Falk
Goes through his mumbo-jumbo;
He's here, we fear,
Another year
As the clod we call Columbo!
Columbo! Columbo!
We call the clod Columbo!



The Firing Line with William F. Buckley

(Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things")

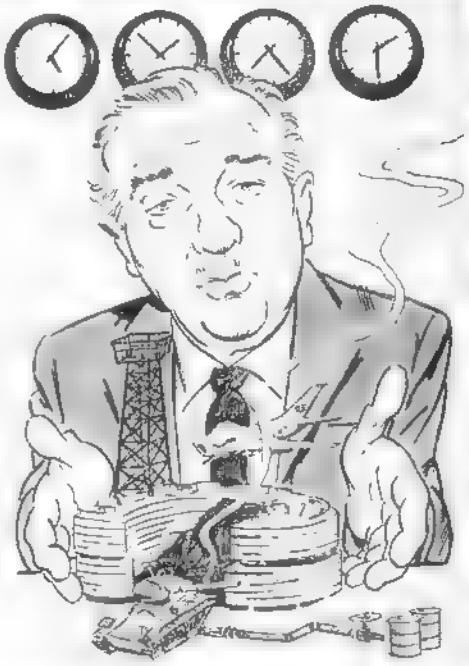
Views perspicacious and low-keyed invective,
Steeped in omniscience with views introspective,
Extracts archaeic no sage can divine—
Prithee, stay tuned to The Fi-r-ing Line!

Cleanings from Homer, quotations from Horace,
Words so obscure they defy a thesaurus,
Phrases sententious of Latin design—
Cum grano salis The Fi-r-ing Line!

Should it happen
These digressions
Strain your clod-like head,
Then kindly replace Buckley's Firing Line
With Johnny or Merv
INSTEAD!

The CBS Evening News

(Sung to the tune of "Love Is Blue")



News! News!
It's time for news!
Cronkite is here, so what can you lose?
News! News!
Domestic News
News of the Mob that you can't refuse!

News! News!
We've worldwide news
News of the Arabs, news of the Jews!
News! News!
World leaders' views—
Brezhnev's and Mao's and George Pompidou's!

When we're through
And the world's picked clean,
Sev-er-eid
Will explain what you've seen!

News! News!
All kinds of news!
Bribes and corruption—who's getting who's!
News! News!
We've so much news—
Chancellor takes the stuff we don't use!

The Late Night Sermonette

(Sung to the tune of "Cabaret")

What good is wishing for one more old flick
Here on your TV set?
Come watch the Sermonette, my friends,
Come watch the Sermonette!

No use in giving your dial a click—
We're all that you can get;
Come watch the Sermonette, my friends,
Come watch the Sermonette!

Come hear The Word!
Come praise the Lord!
Come say a prayer—
All kinds we dish up!
Easter week you'll see a Bishop!

Last week we preemed a Mohammedan chant
Straight from a minaret—
Come watch the Sermonette, my friends,
We'll try to save you yet, my friends;
Come watch the Sermonette!

Marcus Welby, M.D.

(Sung to the tune of "Call Me")

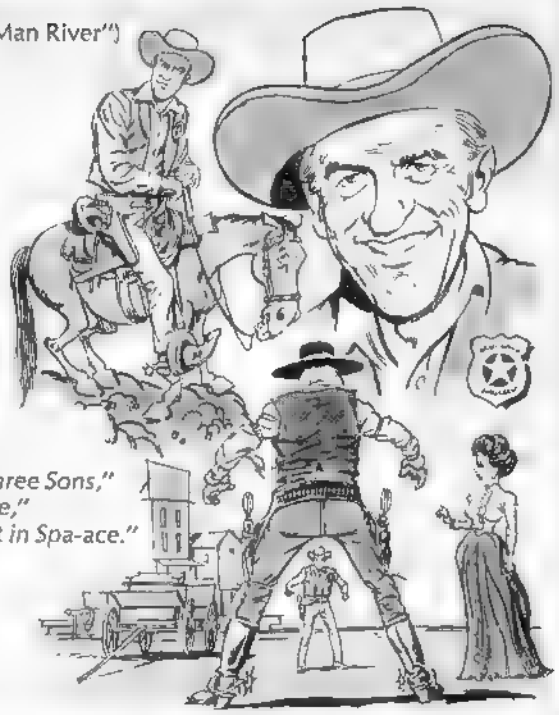
If you have tu-ber-cu-lo-sis,
Measles or a head that's aching,
You can trust his di-ag-no-sis;
House-calls he is even making—
Welby!
Stay tuned and watch Marcus Welby!
Rob-ert Young plays Marcus Welby!
Greatest of all the MDs!

Treating folks with kind attention,
Heart filled with compassion tender,
Though it's only fair to mention
Bills you'll never see him render—
Welby!
Stay tuned and watch Marcus Welby!
Rob-ert Young plays Marcus Welby!
Greatest of all the MDs!

He isn't lazy;
He works like crazy,
Filling up his prime-time slot;
He hands out ointments
And makes appointments
Even when he sails his yacht!
To his patients ded-i-cat-ed,
Never seeming a-var-i-cious,
Loved by all and ven-er-a-ted,
You can bet that he's fic-ti-tious—
Welby!
Stay tuned and watch Marcus Welby!
Rob-ert Young plays Marcus Welby!
Greatest of all the MDs!

Gunsmoke

(Sung to the tune of "Ol' Man River")



Ol' Matt Dillon,
That ol' Matt Dillon—
He's still there shootin',
He's still there killin',
He just keeps ridin',
He keeps on ridin'
Along;
He's still town marshal,
An' heaven rest us,
He's still got Kitty,
He's still got Festus,
'Cause ol' Matt Dillon
He just keeps ridin' along.

Other shows
They have their runs—
"Gilligan's Island" and "My Three Sons,"
"Twilight Zone," 'Peyton Place,"
"Petticoat Junction" and "Lost in Spa-ace."

Ain't no logic,
Ain't no good reason
Why 'Gunsmoke's" now in
It's eighteenth season—
But ol' Matt Dillon
He just keeps ridin' along!

Monday Night Football

(Sung to the tune of "From the Halls of Montezuma")

From the Oilers in the Astrodome
To the Packers in Green Bay,
We've got football ev'ry Monday night
With remarks on ev'ry play;
We've got Dandyroo and Gifford, too,
But what makes our program sell—
If you find your fav'rite team has lost,
You can blame it on Cosell!

Let's Make A Deal

(Sung to the tune of "This Guy's in Love With You")

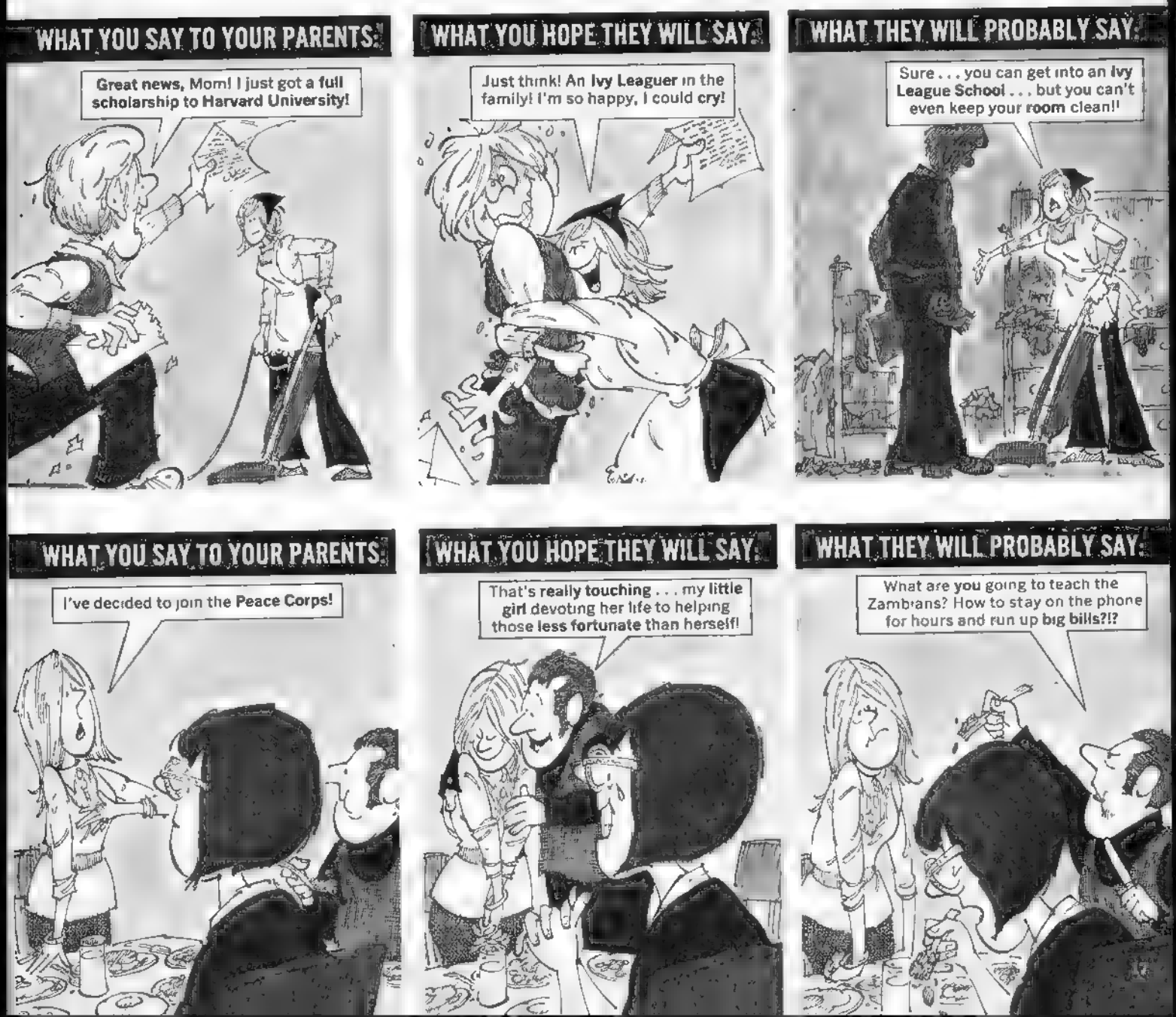
You see...this nut
Encased in styrofoam—
You see...that schmuck
In costume as St. Peter's Dome—
Yessiree! They're for real
Because they want to Make a Deal!
What makes...them do it?
What's here that drives them to it?
Well,
If you believe
They're here 'cause they're in need,
That's not the case—
They're here 'cause they're so full of greed!
When they scream,
You can tell
They'd kill to get a Caravelle!
Though it's de-grading,
They don't...need much persuading,
So
Let's Make a Deal!
Let's Make a Deal!
Let's Make a Deal—it doesn't take work;
Just act like a jerk!

SHIFT OF GAB DEPT.

What's with parents, anyhow? Why can't they ever talk about what *you* want to talk about? Why won't they ever let you off the hook? Why, if you do one thing wrong, is it a life sentence without any possibility of pardon? What's this introduction about, anyway? We'll tell you: Parents are the ones responsible for "The Generation Gap"! Is there any doubt? Hands, please! Three . . . four . . . five . . . okay! Here's why: Whenever you tell them something, no matter how important it is to you, it becomes nothing more than a lead-in for them to zap you with a criticism. Right? Hands, please! Seven million . . . eight million . . . nine million . . . okay! In other words, parents are the acknowledged masters of the "non-sequitur" . . . which is Latin for . . . "saying what *they* want, no matter what *you* say to them!" Understand? Hands, please! None . . . okay! Here's what we mean by . . .

PARENTAL NON-SEQUITURS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: STAN HART



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

Someday, I'm gonna be the **President of the United States . . . !**

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

Son . . . I know you'll make a fine President . . and you'll usher in **"The Great American Century"!**

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

That's all we need . . a **President** who won't eat his **vegetables!!**

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

My picture's gonna be in the paper! They took it when I hit a home run!

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

Our hero!

He's a born Big Leaguer!

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

They should take a picture of you wetting your bed!

Then they'd know what a big shot you REALLY are!!

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I'm going to be a **Poetess . . . like Edna St. Vincent Millay!**

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

And you will! You're so sensitive . . . so aware of the true meaning of life!

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

You'll make some Poetess with your face breaking out from all the junk you eat!

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I plan to become a **Nuclear Physicist!**

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

I'm—I'm so **happy!** If only your **Great Grandfather** were alive to hear this!!

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

I never heard of a **Nuclear Physicist** who won't go to her **Uncle Al's house** for a visit at least **ONCE** a month!

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

Guess what?! That **aptitude test** I took says I'll make a **fine Doctor!**

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

I tell you, Ida, if **anyone** can find a **cure** for **Cancer**, it'll be **my Sheldon!**

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

A Doctor?!? You think they'll let you become a **Doctor** when they find out how you **tease** your **Sister?!?**

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I just saved **four people** from a **burning building!**

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

God, we're **proud** of you! You always **were** a good boy . . . never thinking of **yourself** . . . always thinking of **others!**

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

Sure, you can save some **strangers!** But do you ever help **ME** with the **dishes?!**

SUBJECT TO CHANGE DEPT.

"The times, they are a-changing . . ." observed Bobby Dylan. And just how drastically they are a-changing can be demonstrated by examining magazine

MAGAZINE ARTICLE

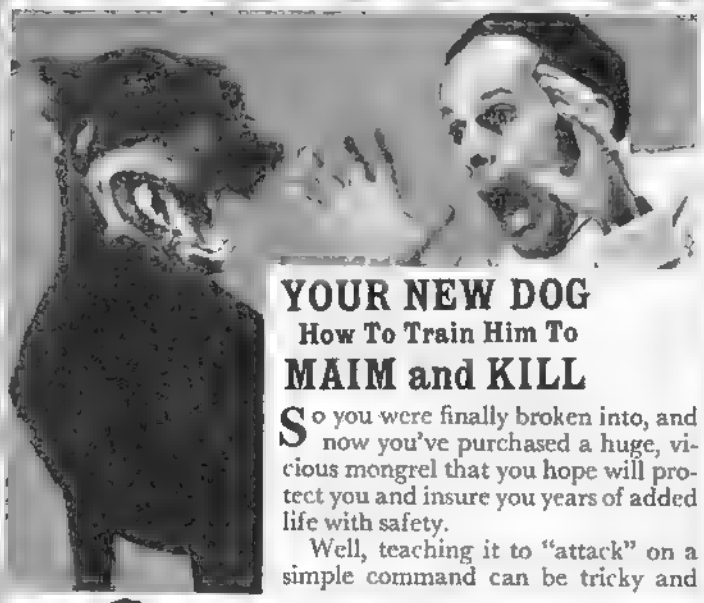
PET & HOME MAGAZINE June 1959

YOUR NEW DOG
How To Train Him To
SIT and BEG

So you've finally broken down, and now you've purchased a little, delicious doggie that you feel will love you and surely offer you years of fun with friendship.

Well, teaching it a few simple tricks on a simple command can be easy and

PET & HOME MAGAZINE June 1974



YOUR NEW DOG
How To Train Him To
MAIM and KILL

So you were finally broken into, and now you've purchased a huge, vicious mongrel that you hope will protect you and insure you years of added life with safety.

Well, teaching it to "attack" on a simple command can be tricky and

HOME COOKING June 1959

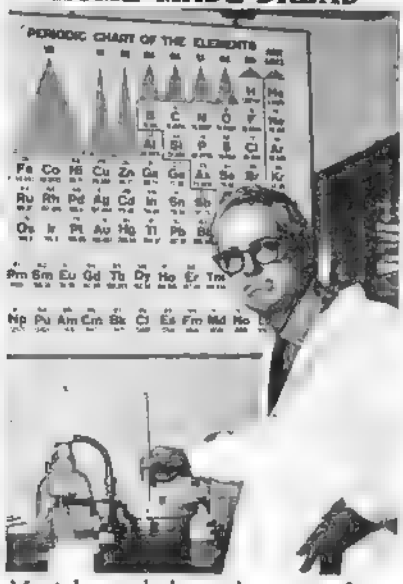
HOME-MADE BREAD

Most home bakers shy away from making bread, because they feel they cannot duplicate the loaves turned out by Professional Bakers.

The answer, of course, is not in the *Baker*, but in the ingredients. By simply duplicating the standard recipe . . . whole grain flour, pure butter, natural yeast, fresh milk, with

HOME COOKING June 1974

HOME-MADE BREAD



Most home bakers shy away from making bread, because they feel they cannot duplicate the loaves turned out by Professional Bakers.

The answer, of course, is not in the *Baker*, but in the ingredients. By simply duplicating the standard chemical formula . . . Polyoxylene Stearate, Gliadin, Glutanin, Calcium Propionate, Potassium Sorbate and

HOME WORKSHOP June 1959

WORKING IN METAL

Make Your Own Attractive Candle Stick

Impress visitors who enter your home with this hand-crafted Candle Stick, designed to elicit cries of delight and words of praise

You can turn your spare time into production time by following these easy directions: First, go to a Silversmith and try to

articles on specific subjects, say, fifteen years ago . . . and articles on similar subjects in magazines today. You'll see what we mean with these . . .

S... THEN... AND NOW

PHOTOS BY DAVID ALLARD G.P.I AND U.P.

TODAY'S TEACHER June 1959

WHEN TO SEND FOR THE PARENTS

There's no doubt about it, we have entered an "Age of Disrespect" in the classroom. Reports from all over the country attest to this fact. Students often answer their Teachers back, and there have even been cases of obscenities directed at Teachers.

In one shocking case, an actual physical attack on a Teacher

TODAY'S TEACHER June 1974

WHEN TO SEND FOR THE POLICE

There's no doubt about it, we have entered an "Age of Disrespect" in the classroom Reports from all over the country attest to this fact. Students often swear at their Teachers, and there have even been cases of physical attacks directed at Teachers.

In 73 shocking cases last year, death occurred as the result

HOME WORKSHOP June 1974

WORKING IN METAL

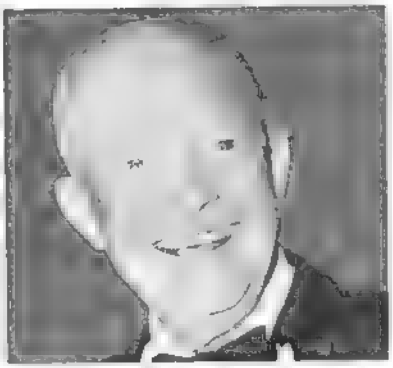
Make Your Own Practical Window Bars

Distress burglars who attempt to enter your home with these hand-crafted Window Bars, designed to elicit groans of despair and curses of frustration.

You can turn your spare time into protection time by following these easy directions: First, go to a Blacksmith and try to

CAREER June 1959

TO BE PRESIDENT?



What man would not want for himself, or for his son, the supreme position—Leader of his Country?

Admired by his fellow Politicians, loved by the people and respected by the Leaders of other Nations, he is able

CAREER June 1974

TO BE PRESIDENT?

What man would want for himself, or —God forbid—his son, the supreme position—Leader of the Country?

Rejected by his fellow Politicians, mistrusted by the people and ridiculed by the Leaders of other Nations, he is

TV GUIDER June 1-7 1959

Wednesday

MORNING

9:00 **2** I LOVE LUCY—Comedy
Lucy, unable to land a part in Ricky's new musical, pretends to be a stage hand. (Repeat)

TV GUIDER June 2-8 1974

Wednesday

MORNING

9.00 **2** I LOVE LUCY—Comedy
Lucy, unable to land a part in Ricky's new musical, pretends to be a stage hand (Repeat)

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... TEEN

ERGY CRISIS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

In accordance with the Divorce Decree, you must now divide up your community property! First, there's the RCA Color TV . . .

I want it!

No, I want it!

Next there's the Fisher Stereo Hi-Fi Equipment!

That's mine!

The heck it is!

And the Baldwin Grand Piano!

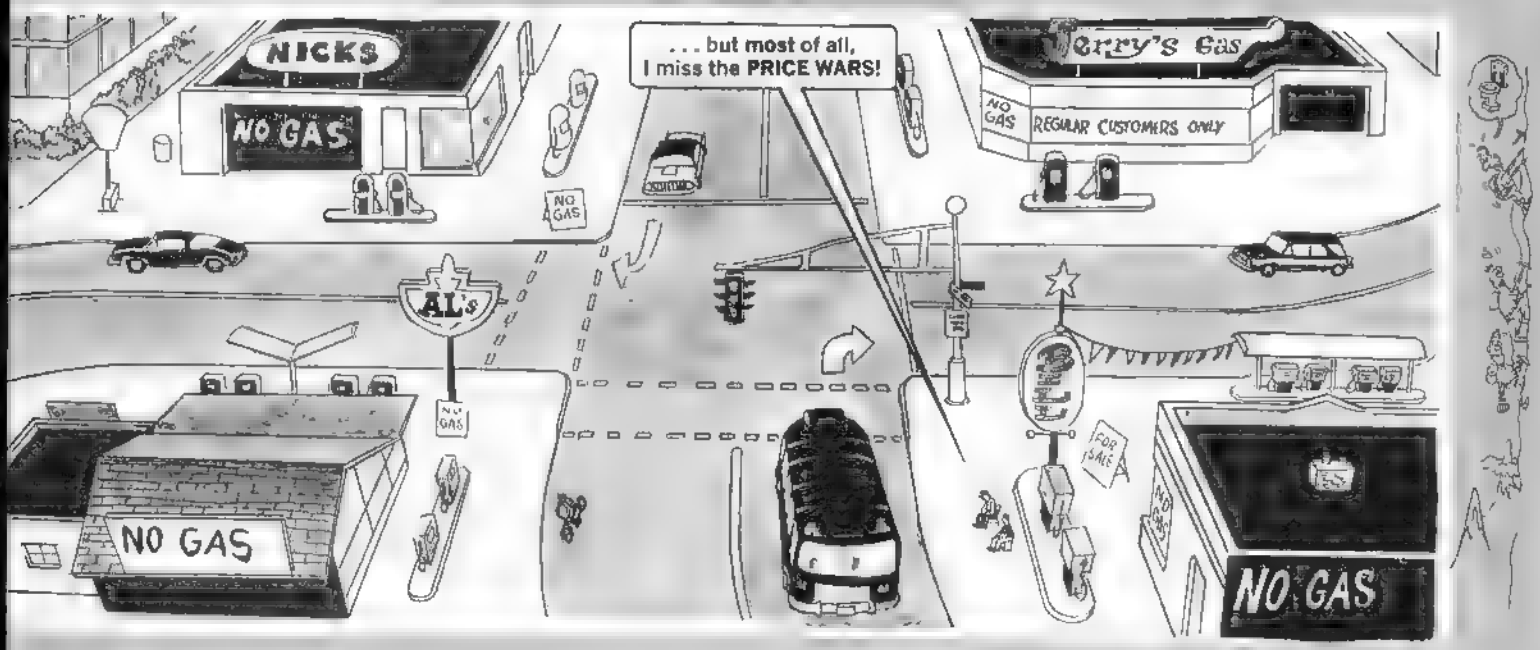
Chop it into fire wood rather than give it to her!

Over my dead body will he get that!

And the 1973 Eldorado Cadillac!

She's welcome to that!

Be my guest! He can have it with my compliments!



I can't believe what happened to me! Somebody just siphoned all the gas out of my tank!

Yeah! There's a lot of that going around. . . !

You'd better sell me a cap with a lock for my gas tank!

Sorry, I'm all out of 'em! I can't get enough! Everybody wants one!

Price gouging! Black Markets! Darn it! This gas shortage is making crooks out of everyone! Is there no decency left. . . ? !

Anything else you want?

Yes!

A siphoning hose!

It's disgusting, that's what it is! I don't mind that I had to wait on line for over an hour . . .

. . and I don't mind that you jacked up the price of your gas . . .

. . . and I don't mind that you limited me to only eight gallons . . .

. . . but when you cut out giving GREEN STAMPS . . . that's going TOO FAR!!

GAS by APPOINTMENT ONLY

CAR WASH AND GAS. EITHER WAY WE CLEAN YOU OUT.

Boy, this oil shortage is hurting! It's putting a lot of people out of work!

Truck drivers, gas station attendants, airline pilots, toll booth collectors, auto workers, plastics extruders and all the other people that depend on oil!

There's one thing GOOD you can say about the oil shortage! There are lot less accidents on the highways!

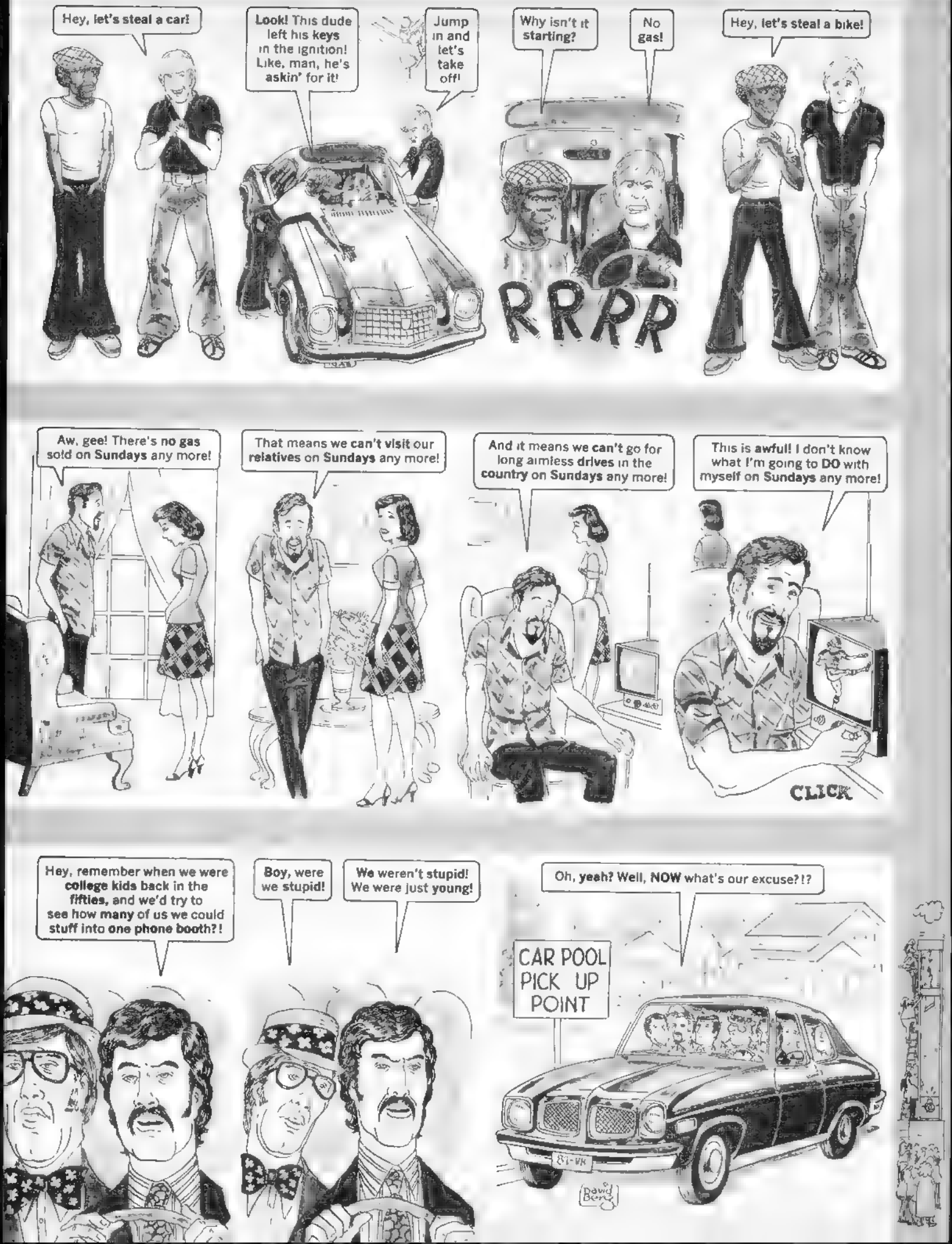
See?!? It's even putting HOSPITAL PERSONNEL out of work!!

What are you . . . some kind of unpatriotic subversive?

Who, ME?

Yes, YOU!! Our country is in the middle of a severe crisis! And what do you do?

You drive around in a BIG GAS-EATING AMERICAN-MADE CAR


Hey, let's steal a car!
Look! This dude left his keys in the ignition! Like, man, he's askin' for it!
Jump in and let's take off!
Why isn't it starting?
No gas!
RRRR
Hey, let's steal a bike!
Aw, gee! There's no gas sold on Sundays any more!
That means we can't visit our relatives on Sundays any more!
And it means we can't go for long aimless drives in the country on Sundays any more!
This is awful! I don't know what I'm going to DO with myself on Sundays any more!
CLICK
Hey, remember when we were college kids back in the fifties, and we'd try to see how many of us we could stuff into one phone booth?!
Boy, were we stupid!
We weren't stupid! We were just young!
Oh, yeah? Well, NOW what's our excuse?!?
CAR POOL PICK UP POINT
David Berg

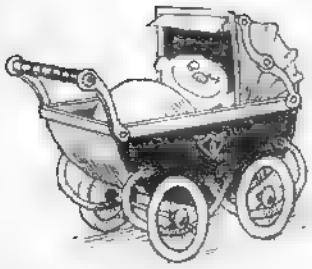
ALTERING THE WASTE DEPT.

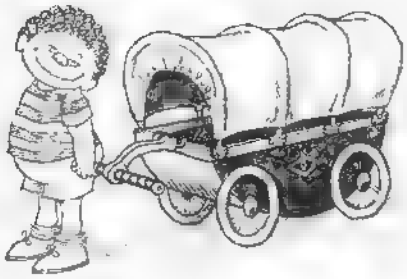
Experts tell us that the only answer to our critical "Garbage Problem" is something called "Recycling." But what does "Recycling" mean? It means we must return our garbage to the manufacturers so they can re-use it in their products instead of creating all-new products that soon become more garbage. Sounds like a good solution, but there's one catch: Each manufacturer is interested only in the garbage he can use. Like glass makers only want bottles, and can manufacturers only want cans. Obviously, it would take ten million Boy Scouts to collect, sort and distribute the garbage we create in just one day. And so the answer is not so much in recycling our garbage back to the manufacturers, but in recycling it right where it is . . . in the home, in school, in the office, etc. To give you an idea of how this can work – and to get the country started on this noble endeavor – here is . . .

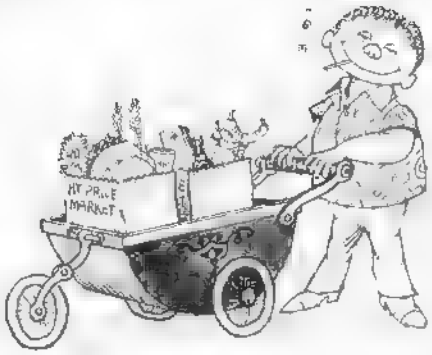
A MAD GUIDE TO RECYCLING GARBAGE

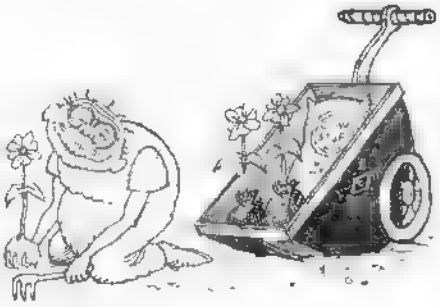
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

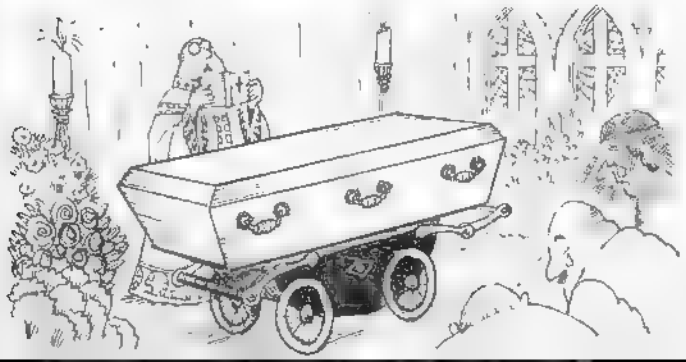
How It Works: An Example of Complete Recycling (Or "A Cradle-To-Grave Recycling Story")

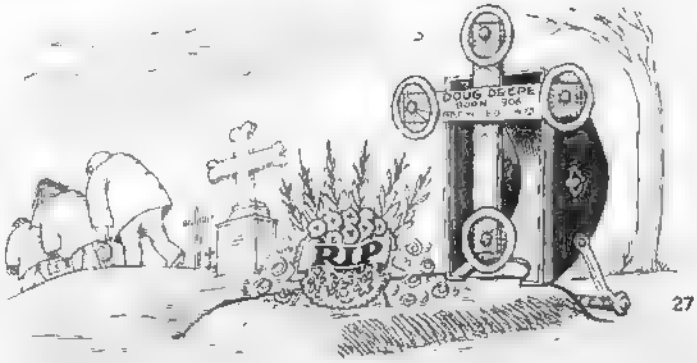




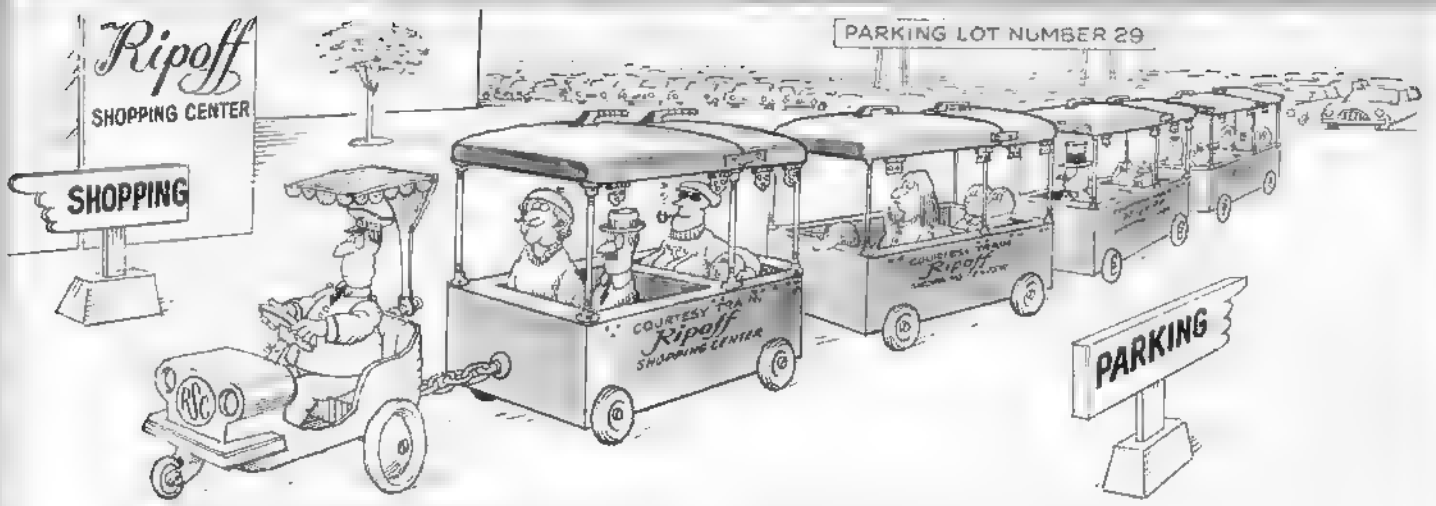








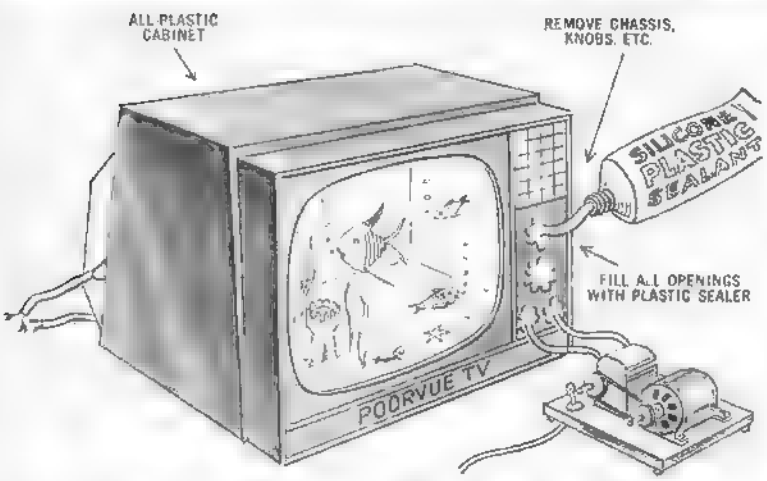
Recycling Discarded Refrigerators



Millions of old refrigerators are discarded each year. By simply raising the doors on pipes, upholstering the insides with seats and adding wheels, they can serve as excellent cars for mini-trains that haul customers to and from distant parking fields in shopping centers, or as play-trains in amusement parks, fairs, etc., etc.

Results: All-Weather Shopper's Transportation and Amusement Park Play Trains

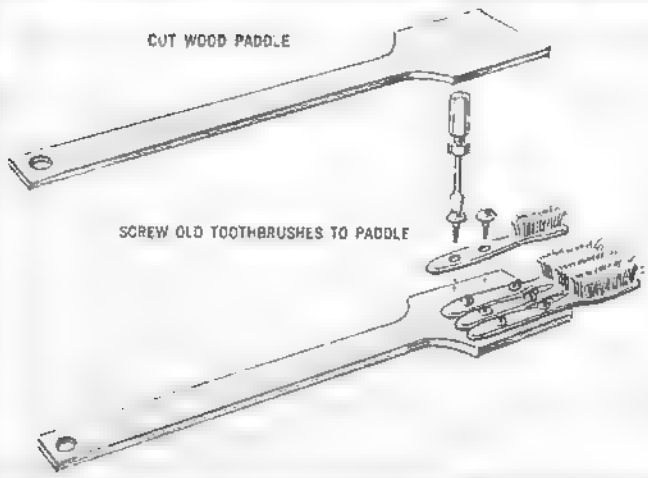
Recycling Old Television Sets

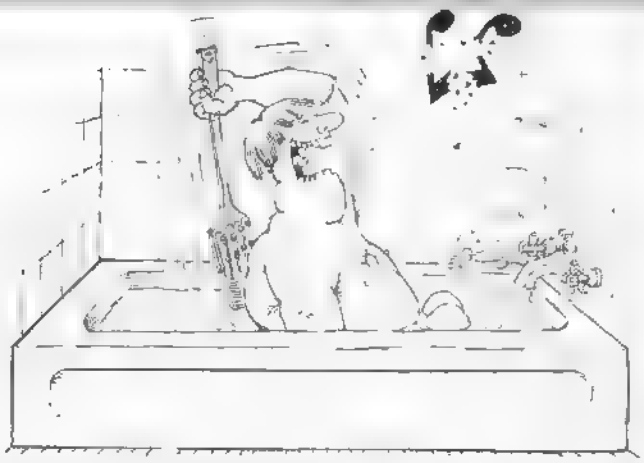


Results: Modernistic Tropical Fish Aquarium

. . . and Sports Fan Rain Hood

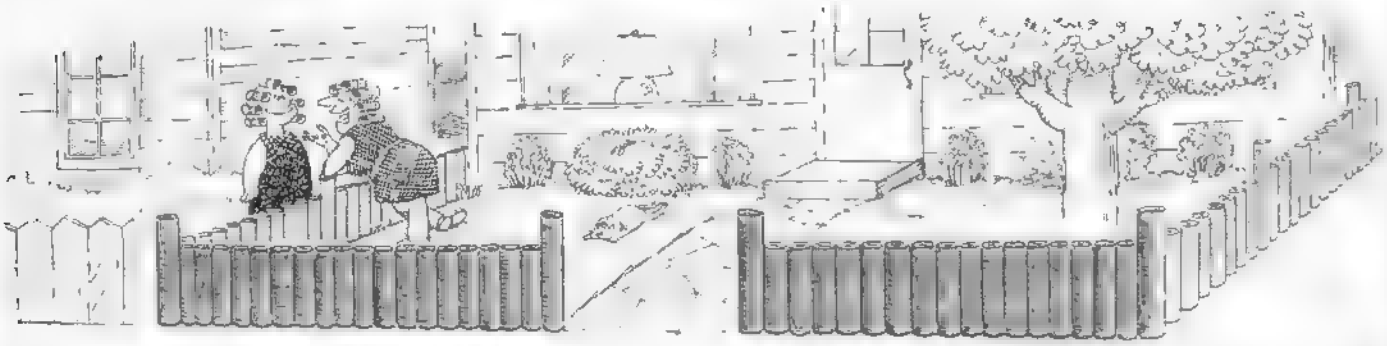
Recycling Old Toothbrushes



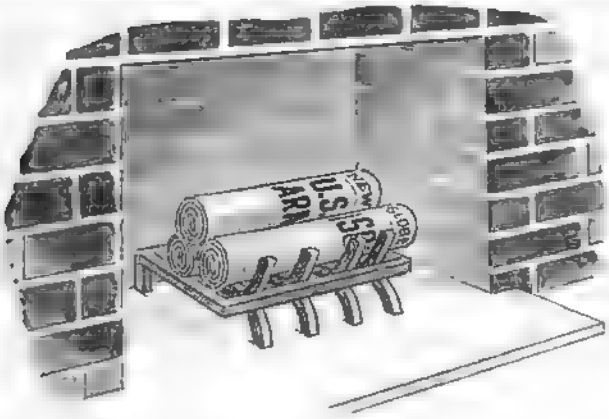


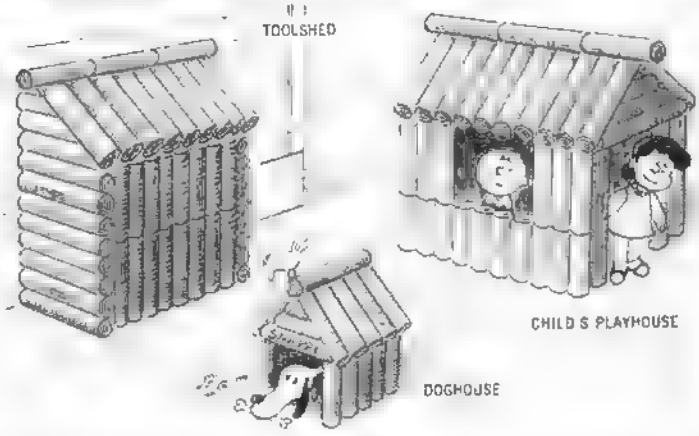
Results: An Efficient Bathroom Backscrubber

Recycling Old Newspapers

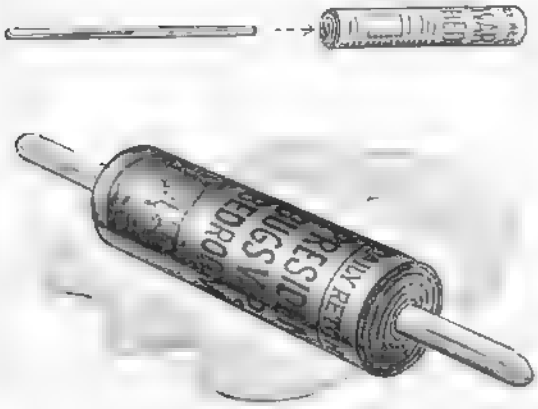


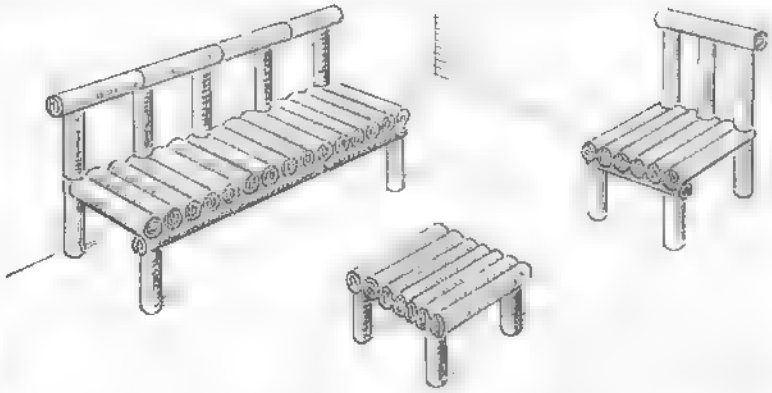
Results: Coated Rolled Newspapers Can Be Used To Erect Lively Colorful Fences





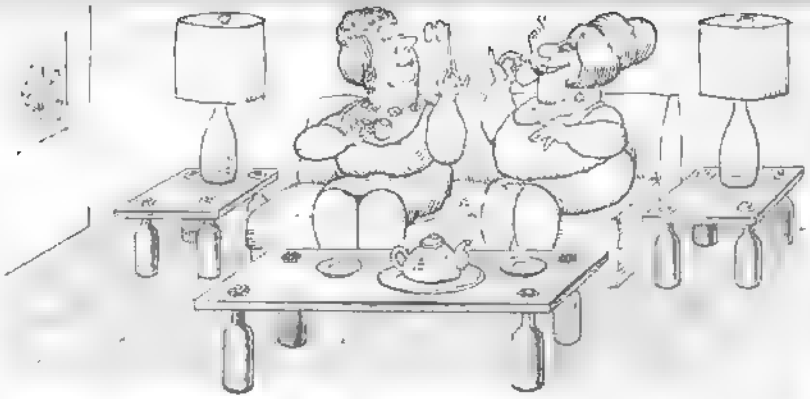
. . . Or As Decorative Fireplace Logs . . . **. . . Or To Construct Small Structures . . .**



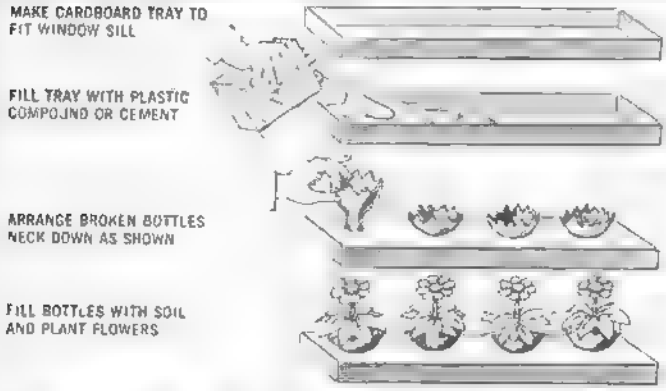


. . . Or As Household Utensils . . . **. . . Or Used To Make Simply-Styled Furniture.**

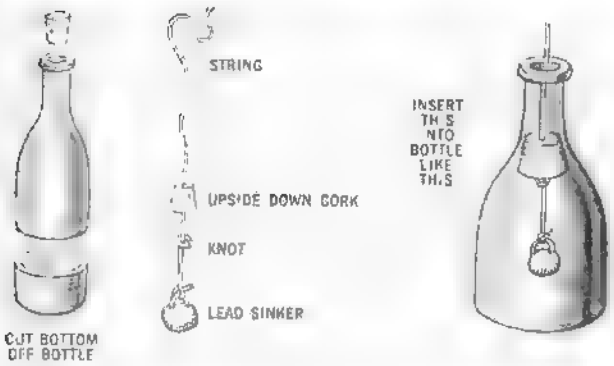
Recycling Old Glass Bottles

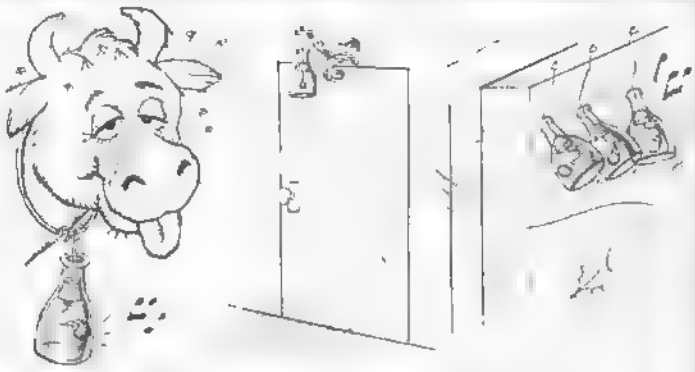


Results: Bottles Make Colorful Legs For Charming Coffee Tables And End Tables.



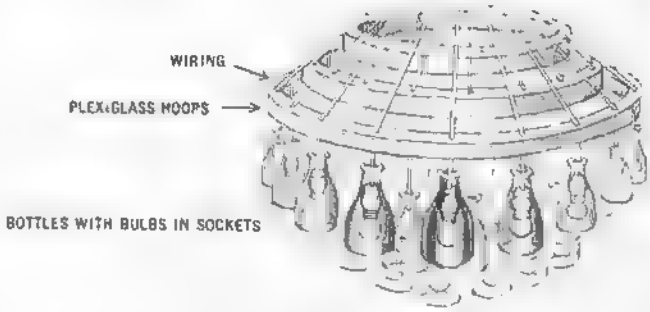
Results: A Decorative Burglar Discourager





Results: Ear-pleasing Bells and Chimes

. . . Or Practical Windproof Candleholder

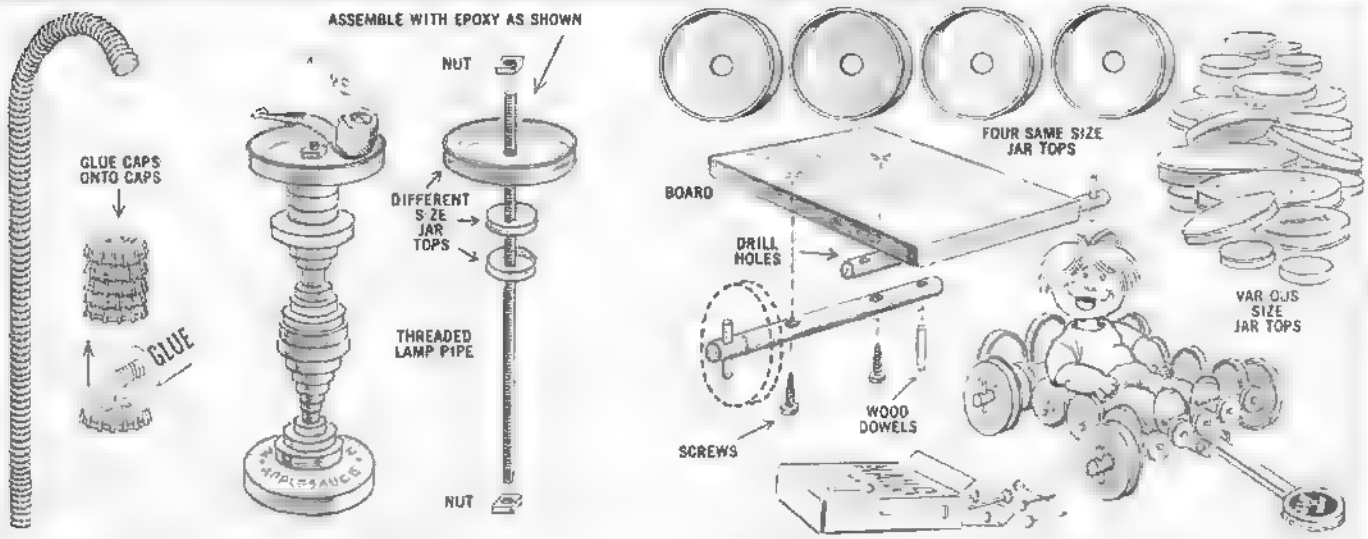


. . . Or Fancy-Looking Glass Chandelier.

Recycling Bottle Caps and Jar Tops

Imaginative painting, carving and designing can do wonders with the millions of bottle caps and jar tops discarded daily.

Results: Attractive Earrings, Necklaces, Rings and other Creative Jewelry.

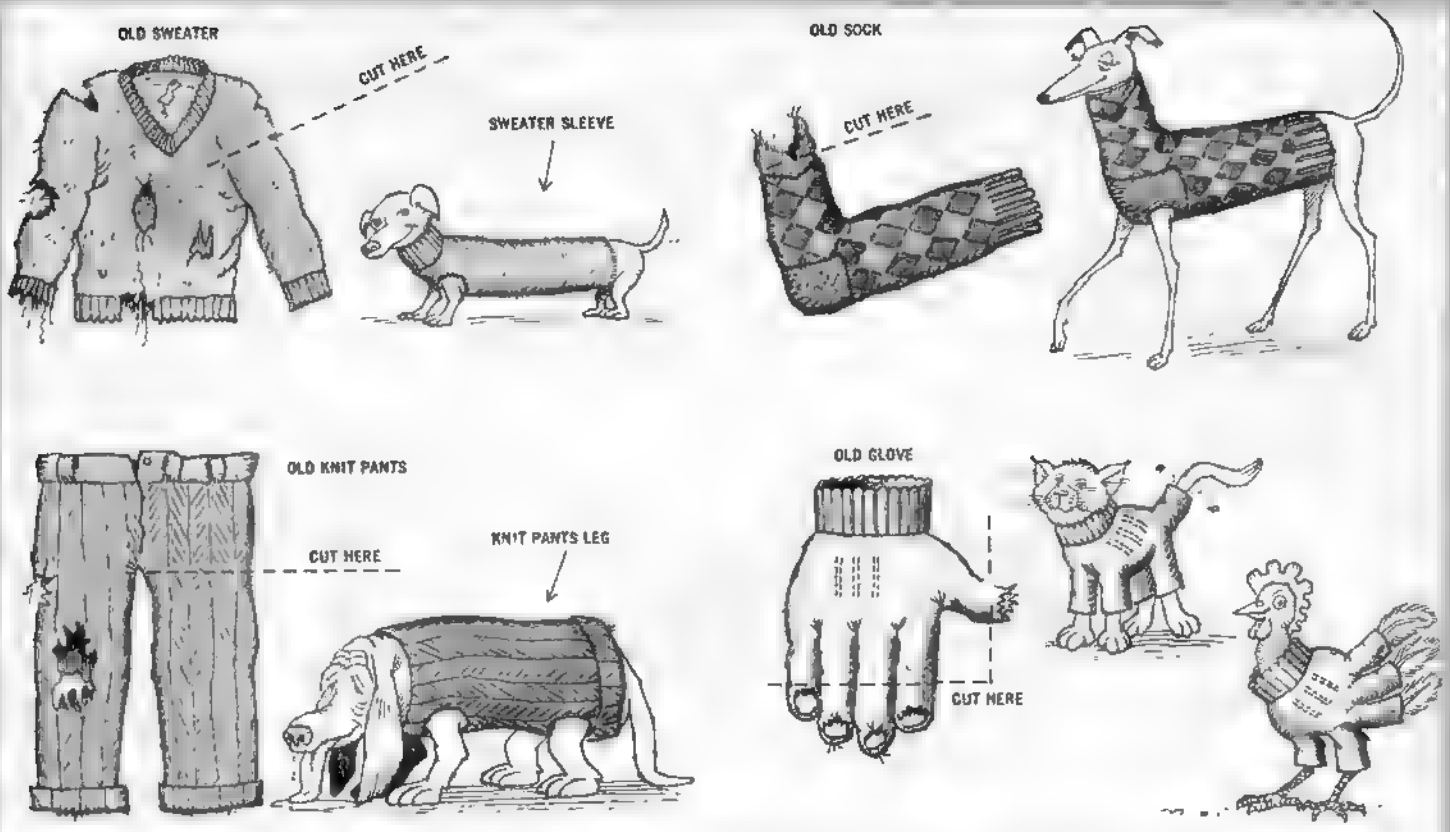


Results: Canes . . . Ash Tray Stands . . . And A Clever Child's Toy Wagon.

Recycling Old Plastic Bottles

Results: Buoyant Life Preserver . . . And Unsinkable Outboard-Powered Raft.

Recycling Old Clothes and Ties



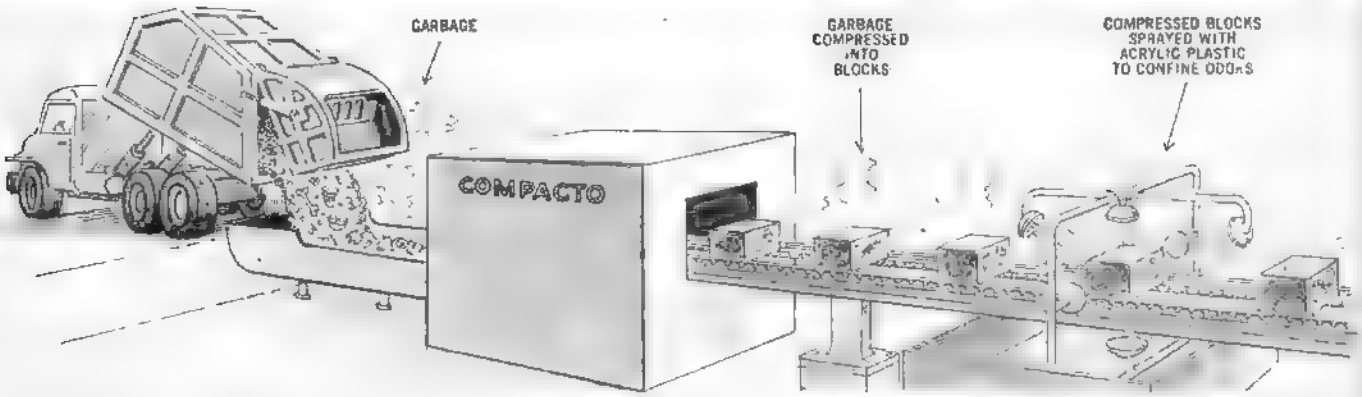
Results: Stylish, Practical Winter Pet Clothes for Dogs, Cats and Roosters.

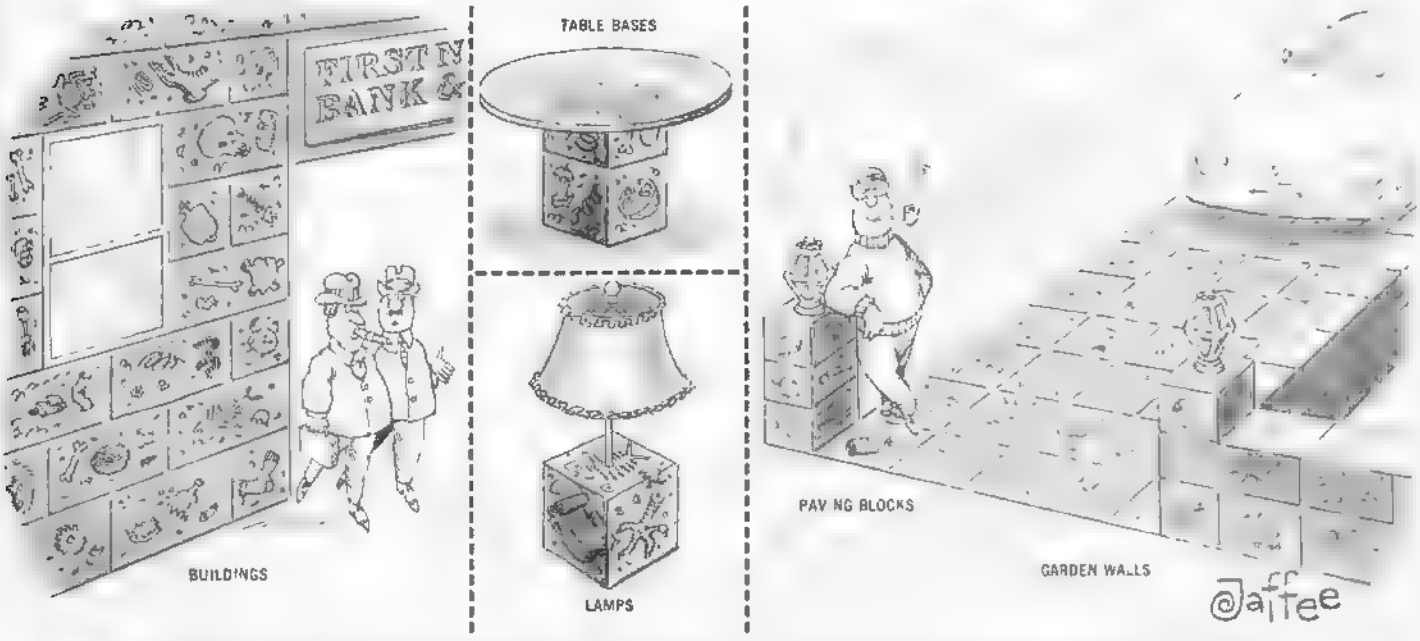
Results: Beautiful, Colorful Table Cloths, Skirts, Throw Rugs and Curtains.

Recycling Old Fluorescent Tubes

Results: Can be used as Decorative Room Dividers and Novelty Picture Frames.

Recycling Miscellaneous Garbage

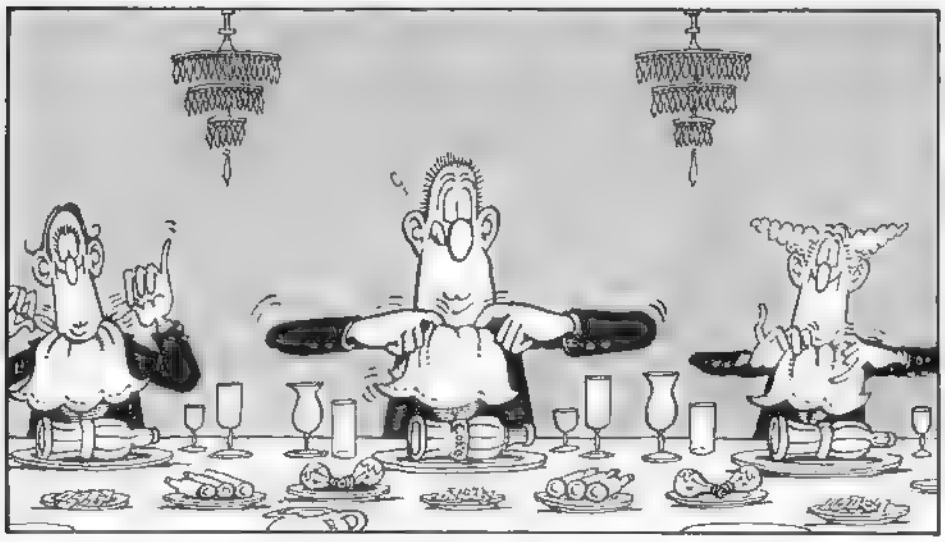


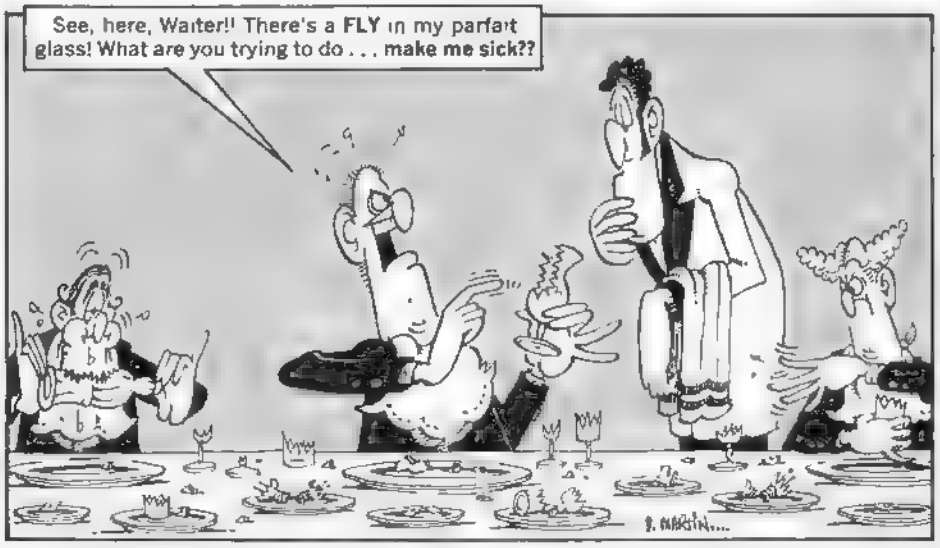


Results: Colorful and interesting-looking Acrylic-Coated Compressed Garbage Blocks are impervious to fire, water, etc., and can be used in construction.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

AT "THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL GLASS-EATERS" BANQUET



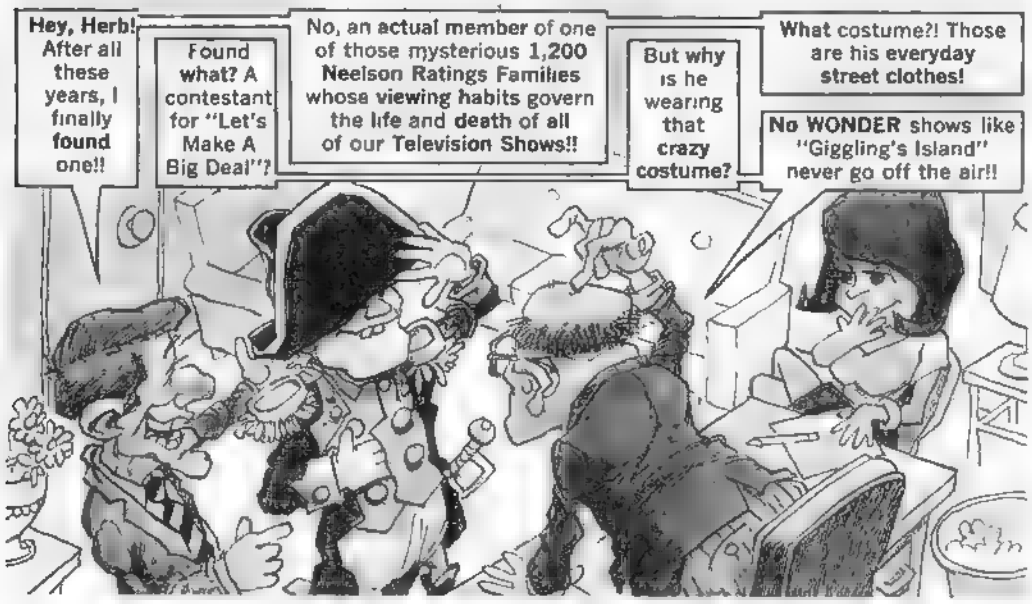


INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

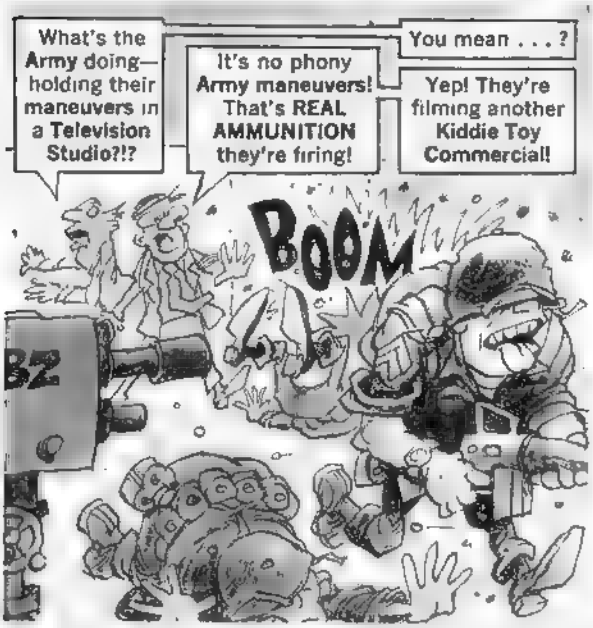
A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A TV NETWORK

ARTIST: BRUCE DAY WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Do you have any tickets for any TV Shows?
Yes, Sir! I have one for "Bernie Loves Midgets"! That'll be ten dollars!!
I thought TV Show tickets were FREE! I'm not paying ten dollars to see that awful piece of junk!
But you don't pay US! We pay YOU!!
Forget it!
Er . . . Fifteen dollars!
Okay, twenty dollars! And after the show, you get a free visit to the best stomach specialist in town!
But don't you see? No human system could possibly survive that show!
How do you know?
Because I'm the best stomach specialist in town!
KNBZ
TELEVISION


Hey, Herb! After all these years, I finally found one!!
Found what? A contestant for "Let's Make A Big Deal"?
No, an actual member of one of those mysterious 1,200 Neelson Ratings Families whose viewing habits govern the life and death of all of our Television Shows!!
But why is he wearing that crazy costume?
What costume?! Those are his everyday street clothes!
No WONDER shows like "Giggling's Island" never go off the air!!

Hello . . . Fire Department . . . ? My . . . dressing . . . room . . . is . . . on . . . fi—
Can't that guy do ANYTHING without an idiot card?!?


What's the Army doing—holding their maneuvers in a Television Studio?!?
It's no phony Army maneuvers! That's REAL AMMUNITION they're firing!
You mean . . . ?
Yep! They're filming another Kiddie Toy Commercial!
BOOM
BZ

How's this? We put a camera in the rear of 13 famous American Supermarkets . . . and then for 30 minutes each week, we film the trucks unloading!
Wait! Here's one! A chorus of champion bowlers sing ethnic folk songs as Kathryn and Arthur Murray dance across 13 famous American bridges!
Hey, how's this . . . ?
Sorry I'm late! What did I miss?
Hi, Perry! We're just going over suggestions for our exciting Summer Program Schedule!

We're in big trouble! We got a script in for "The Bratty Bunch" . . . and nobody in the cast laughed!

That's not so bad! Film it before a live audience!

We DID . . . and the live audience wouldn't laugh!

That's still not so bad! Dub in canned laughter!

That's why we're in trouble! The Canned Laughter Machine wouldn't laugh, either!

Now that's bad!

Okay! That's a wrap!

Hey, guys! The show's OVER!!

Now THAT's what I call a "Friendly 11:00 O'clock News Team"!!

. . . and so, the next time stomach upset strikes, try "Alky-Seltzer"! And now, back to "Funny and Glare" for some more idiotic dialogue and dumb songs! And then we'll be back with a really entertaining message from the makers of "Folkswagen" . . .

I admit that most TV Commercials are brighter and funnier than our Shows . . . but this time, those Ad Agency guys have gone too far!!

There's a bomb in the studio! There's a bomb in the studio!

Oh, my God! When is it supposed to go off?!?

Let's see . . . "The Doris Bray Show" has ten more episodes to go! But then there'll be the re-runs!

Hi, Bob! How did things go on "The Newlywedded Game" today?

Don't ask!!

Gentlemen, as Head of this Network, I want to begin by saying that it's time TV did something WORTHWHILE! Next season, there will be no more idiotic dramas, no more ridiculous situation comedies and no more dumb childish game shows! Instead, we are going to stress intelligence, taste and imagination in our programming!

Isn't the Chief a fantastic speaker!?!

Great!! I love how he always starts off his speeches with a little joke!

Heh-heh! But seriously, guys!Now let's talk about next season's GARBAGE! First of all . . .

THEN AND OWW! DEPT.

AND NOW, FOR YOU NOSTALGIA FANS, A LOOK BACK AT

REMEMBE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

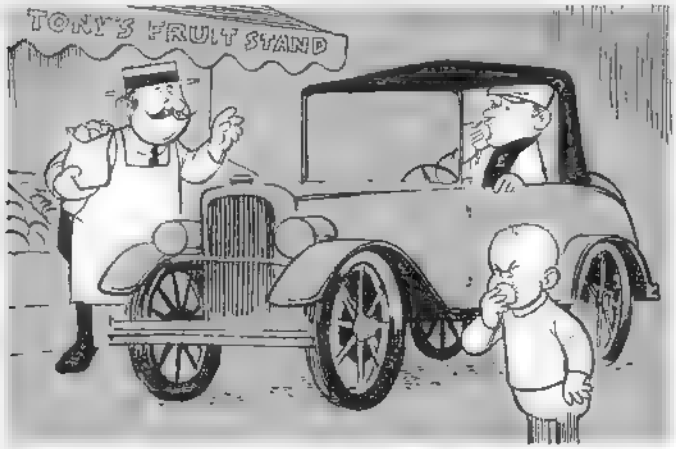
REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. there were no fold-outs in magazines, and the biggest sex thrill was sneaking a look at "National Geographic" in your Dentist's waiting room!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. . . a "Pot Party" was a social gathering where women came to buy teflon fry pans!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

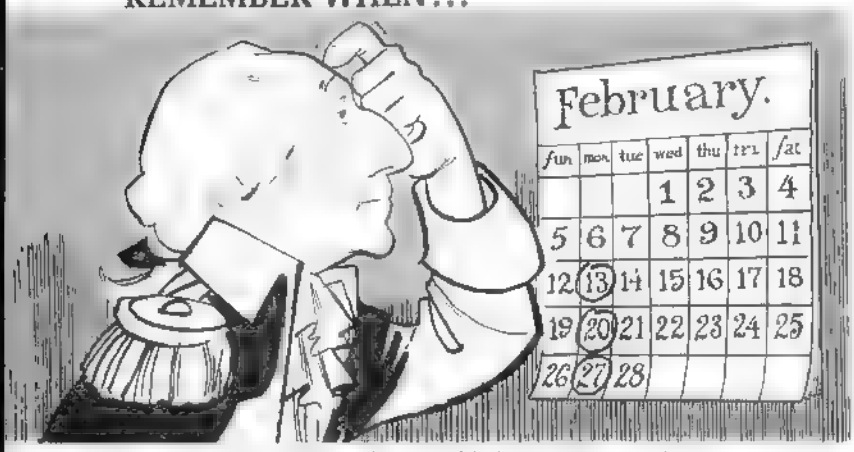


. . . we used to suck lemons, not drive them!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. "Energy Crisis" meant you forgot to eat your *Wheaties!*

REMEMBER WHEN . . .



. . . George Washington's birthday was actually celebrated on George Washington's birthday!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. . . you not only didn't *watch* "Kung Fu"
. . . you weren't even allowed to *say* it!

THE OLD DAYS WHEN THINGS WERE A LOT DIFFERENT!

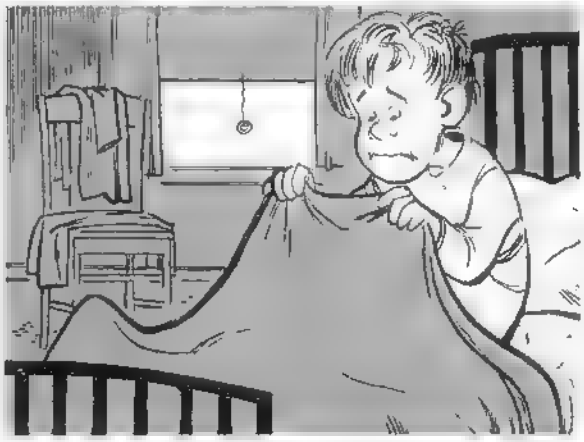
R WHEN...

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

REMEMBER WHEN...

... girls wore long skirts? And how, if you wanted to know if a girl was knock-kneed, you had to listen!

REMEMBER WHEN...

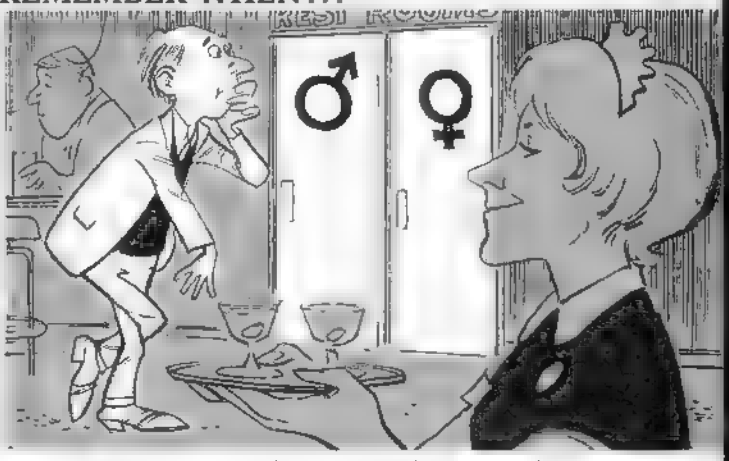


... you slept on a "Water Bed"? No... not intentionally! You just woke up that way!

REMEMBER WHEN...

.. baseball teams used to trade players, not wives!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... Rest Rooms were simply marked "Men" and "Women"!

REMEMBER WHEN...

... we used to settle our problems over coffee and cigarettes? Now, *those* are our problems!

REMEMBER WHEN...

... a "bad trip" was an overnight train ride to visit your cousin in Schenectady!

Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

MAY

FRI 17	Elmo Griff turns on with a friend, figuring that two heads are better than one, 1970.
SUN 19	Being a pyromaniac isn't too bad a profession if you don't mind having to scratch for a living.
TUES 21	Physician Harley Oxmount hears Henny Youngman routine, discovers the gag reflex, 1955. GAAAAAK!
THURS 23	Siamese man who falls in vat of artificial coloring winds up Thai-dyed.
SAT 25	Boston bans porno movie about a pro football tight end, titled "Deep Threat", 1972.
MON 27	Memorial Day. National Safety Council predicts record 2,000 highway fatalities. RIP
WED 29	Jockey Underwear sues Munsingwear, 1953; lawyers exchange briefs. PANTY OF THE FIRST PART / PANTY OF THE 2ND PART
FRI 31	Vladimir Vonsk kills 300 in Moscow purge, wins gold medal for Marxmanship, 1917. BANGSKY!
16	MAD goes on sale. Newsstand dealers hope it will sell as well as TV Guide, Playboy and Penthouse.
SAT 18	German who walks around corner to restaurant generally takes a turn for the wurst. 100% BEEF
MON 20	Sonny announces he'll cut wife's hair, becomes television's first Cher-cropper, 1972
WED 22	Queen Elizabeth considers a new husband, figuring Britain has had its Phil, 1966.
FRI 24	Levi-Strauss releases annual report, announces record overall profit, 1965.
SUN 26	John Wayne's birthday. Take a horse to lunch.
TUES 28	Highway toll only 1,999. Safety Council staff draw straws to see who will drive into a tree.
THURS 30	Italian Wife-Swapping day. "One man's mate is another man's paisano."

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

JUNE

SAT 1	Mercury flips out on speed, Mount Olympus, 4015 B.C. AM PHETA MIN
MON 3	Lawrence Welk to salute rulers of Argentina and South Viet Nam with "a Juan and a Thieu."
WED 5	Eve turns down Adam, says she prefers someone more experienced, 6014, B C. 20% OFF GIANT FIG LEAF SALE
FRI 7	Whistler finishes portrait of his father, originates Pop Art, 1888.
SUN 9	Annual Dwarf-Flogging Day, begun in 1874 for people who feel a little strapped.
TUES 11	Jacques Cousteau's birthday. Take a bathysphere to lunch.
THURS 13	Prospector Morris Meezer abandons search for gold, deciding it's a vein attempt, 1849.
SAT 15	200th anniversary of the invention of the monogrammed truss. RMN
MON 17	Archimedes draws his first circle, decides it's easy as pi, 269 B.C.
WED 19	Scientist Waldo Pitkin mates two disturbed insects, develops nervous tick, 1922
FRI 21	The longest day of the year, except in Philadelphia where everyday is. ZZZZZZZZ
SUN 23	When a French newspaper man agrees with you, he's most likely using the editorial *oui*. ALPHONSE HATES GASTON!
TUES 25	Myrna Depew drops brooch into bread dough, is applauded for cameo roll, 1955.
SUN 2	Tarzan's birthday. Take an ape to lunch.
TUES 4	Pompeii songsmith Lucius Lupus pens hit song "Lava Come Back To Me," 79 A.D.
THURS 6	Actor who's losing his hair invariably winds up with small part. ALAS, POOR YORICK!
SAT 8	Today marks the 125th anniversary of June 8th, 1849. HUZZAH!
MON 10	New Haven students invent special kind of smoked salmon, call it Yale lox, 1954.
WED 12	Pants-pressers stage mass walk-out, 1940, chanting slogan, "Strike while the iron is hot!" COOL IT
FRI 14	Woman who gets mad when she can't buy sirloin for 79 cents a pound has no beef coming.
SUN 16	Erich Segal's birthday. Turning 37 is never having to say you're 36.
TUES 18	Banks that advertise quick loan service usually have your interest at heart. 8½% 10%
THURS 20	Polish Groundhog Day. If you see your shadow, the groundhog is in for a rough summer.
SAT 22	Gay Lib Amateur Night ends in disaster when star comedian shows up with straight man, 1971.
MON 24	Today, at 3:17 p.m., a man you do not know will suffer a severe attack of toe fungus in Scottsbluff, Nebraska.
WED 26	MAD goes off sale. Newsstand dealers report it sold as well as Life, Look and Collier's.

As long as I live, I'll **always remember** every second, every minute, every hour of those terrible days. It all started on a Saturday morning . . . no, it was a Sunday afternoon . . . maybe a Tuesday evening . . . anyway, it was in a remote part of New Mexico . . . or was it Arizona . . . or maybe it was Rhode Island . . . well, it was in **one** of those Western States! A gang of poachers were rounding up and shooting mustangs for dog food . . . or were they rounding up and shooting **dogs** for **mustang food?** Well, anyway, I'll **never forget it** . . .

Yahoo! Start shooting!

Whoopie! I haven't had this much fun since the hunting season opened on **Fawns** and **Puppies!**

Barnyard, I want you to become a **MAN** . . . so start shooting!

I can't shoot them, Pop! **I can't! I can't!**

Why not?

'Cause you **can't** shoot a **horse** in a movie!

Just make believe they're **Humans!**

Now, you're **talking!**

Hey, look who's **coming!** The cleanest living, most socially conscious man in the whole United States!

Really? What's **Dr. Marcus Welby** doing out here?

That's not Marcus Welby! That's . . .

BILLY JOCK

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

Poser, I want you to **get off this land!**

Oh, **yeah?** How you gonna **make me** get off?

I warn you! I'm **slow** to **anger**— so I'm gonna count to **THREE!**

And **then** what?

And then I'm gonna count to **39,004!**

How come?

I just **TOLD** you! I'm **slow** to **anger!**

torres

Poser, pull that **trigger** . . . and you'll do something you'll **regret!**

What would I regret?

Making this into a **four minute movie!**

I see what you mean! Okay, men, let's go!

Who **WAS** this half-breed Indian named **Billy Jock?** He was like a force of nature who, in some mysterious, mystical way, **always showed up** when you **least expected him!**

Hi, Blue Jean . . .

See what I mean!?

Billy Jock . . . you're beautiful and good and clean! You **love life** and **respect Nature** so much!

No more'n any **other** right-thinking person!

No, no! **Much** more! Who **ELSE** would go around putting huge plastic covers on the trees to protect them when it rains?

It's a **big job,** but I **love** it!

So you've finally come **home,** huh? Well, **I'll** teach you not to run away again!

Don't **hit** me! I'm **pregnant!**

WHAT? How could that **happen?**

Well, first he blew in my ear . . . and then he . . .

Stop it! You're **torturing** me, and I need all the strength I **have!**

Oh, **yeah?** For **what?**

For **THIS** . . .

SLAMM!

Who are **you?**

I'm Billy Jock, and I'm **always there** when you **need** me!

Oh, yeah? Where were you when he was beating the **daylights** out of me?

Better **late** than **never!** I want to show you what life can be **like!** I want to give you **understanding** and **comfort** and **sympathy!**

Nuts!

Actually, I was hoping for a little **action!**

Don't you **WANT** kindness and love?

Sorry, kid! I'm taking you to Blue Jean's school . . .

Here at my school, I encourage the kids to **create things** that will show pride in their **Heritage . . .!**

That's **Kareem** . . . making a **Tribal Drum,** because his Great-Grandfather was an **African Warrior!**

And that's **Skylark** . . . weaving a **Blanket,** because his Grandfather was an **Indian Chief!**

Look, Blue Jean! I just created an Annuity that gives maximum protection and a guaranteed income for life after age 65!
Er . . . who's he?
That's Irving! His Father was a Prudential Insurance salesman!
You can hide here at the school from your cruel Father, Barby Doll!
That's really swell! But what about my condition?
We'll say one last thing about it . . . and then never mention it again!
What's that?
SHAME . . . ! SHAME . . . !
Fer cryin' out loud, what do you want from me?
Barnyard, Indian and Black families aren't the ONLY ones with a heritage! We have one, too! I want you to carry on OUR family's long-time tradition!
What tradition is that, Pop?
Seven generations of pure rottenness!
I'll do anything to make you proud of me, Pop!
Then, stand tall, walk straight, go into that soda shop and beat up some girls!
ICE CR
SODA
You're as rotten as they come, Barnyard!
This is no time for compliments!
Stop that, Barnyard! I'm warning you! I'll DO something!
And—uhh—just WHAT are YOU going to do?
How does—oof—turn blue and fall . . . in a heap . . . strike you?
I'm here, Marvin! I'll always come when you need me!
Could you—gasp—make it a couple of minutes sooner—gasp—next time?
Don't hurt me, Billy Jock!
You know how I believe in non-violence . . . and how, for that reason, I am slow to anger . . .

Yeah, but this is ridiculous! We've been hanging around this store for three hours!
. . . 29,997 . . . 29,998 . . . 29,999 . . . 30,000 Okay, I think I'm over it now!
Your anger?
No . . . my non-violence!
I go crazy when I get angry! I go berserk! I show no mercy to enemies
. . . or to friends, for that matter!!
You're pretty tough with kids, Billy Jock! Now, let's see how tough you are with us . . .!
Okay . . . but first I have to take off my shoes!
Watch out! He can KILL you with those feet!
How come??
He hasn't washed them in two years!!
Oh, yeah!!
gagghh!
Pee—yoo!
Okay, Billy Jock! Now that we got you, answer some questions! First . . . why couldn't they get a real Indian to play your part?
Because the Executive Producer wouldn't make the picture unless I was the Star!
No kidding? Who was the Executive Producer, anyway?
Me!
That, we can understand! But why did you get such a sad-looking actress for the part of Blue Jean?
You mean my wife in real life . . . Delores?
Listen! Forget we asked the question!
Marvin, don't you want to make love to me?
No . . . it is against the laws of my Tribe!
Which Tribe is that?
The Great Plains Eunuchs!
Just my luck! Well, I'm going away with Billy Jock because my Father is coming here to look for me! Er—he's not from your Tribe, is he?
GESUNDHEIT

This beautiful land belongs to US, Blue Jean!

Gee, Executive Producers must make a lot of money, huh . . .?

I mean, it belongs to the Indians! And I will help them, using the lessons I have learned from the White Man!

What will you do?

I have a dream! In years to come, this won't be just barren land! Picture it—as far as the eye can see—Indian tract houses, Indian shopping centers, Indian used car lots, laundromats, donut shops!

I think you learned a little TOO WELL from the White Man!

Where is Billy Jock going now?

He is preparing for the ceremony that will make him a Brother to the snake!

Why does he want THAT?

He hates being an only child!

A rattlesnake will bite Billy Jock again and again! If he lives, the experience will teach him about the important mission in his life!

And if he doesn't live?

It will teach him not to mess around with rattlesnakes!

SEC. 2

Snake . . . snake . . . make me your Brother!

YIIPE!!

That's some way to treat a Brother!!

ZAP!

Stop it, Barnyard! What kind of a girl do you think I am!

I'll just cut the other strap . . . and I'll let you know!

Better not! I see Billy Jock in the distance . . . preparing for Winter!

How do you know it's him?

Who else would be helping a Moose get into galoshes?

Barnyard . . . you got two choices! I can beat you to a pulp, or you can drive this car into the lake!

But, Billy! I only have a Learner's Permit! That means if I drive without a grownup sitting beside me, I'll be breaking the law!

Well, I have too much respect for the law to let you do that!

It—it ain't always easy being a grownup!

I know what you're doing in that lake, Billy Jock! You're such a devoted family man!

What do you mean?

You're visiting your COUSINS . . . the Water Snakes!

I think I'll get undressed! That way, I can get a suntan . . . and also get some SEX into this picture!

Barnyard! What are YOU doing here?

I'm gonna rape you, Blue Jean!

Coward! You wouldn't do this if Billy Jock were here!

Would, too!

How can you say that?

'Cause he's so slow to anger that I'd be finished and out of the country before he got mad!

Marvin, I'm here as usual, when you need me!

Yeah, just like you were when I needed you!

Why doesn't he answer me?

He would, but he's too busy being dead!

Oh, good! I thought he was angry with me!

I'm going after Barnyard. He killed Marvin and raped you!

How did you find out that Barnyard raped me?

I can't tell you!

Why not?

Because if I told you, then the audience would know! And they'd tell EVERYONE!

How can you keep coming? I just shot you!

Remember I told you I was slow to anger? Well, I'm even slower to bleed! And now, Barnyard, you KNOW what I'm going to do to you! And you know how much I'm going to HATE myself in the morning for DOING it to you!

Yeah, but I don't know how I'M going to feel in the morning!

A lot like Marvin!

David Carradine . . . eat your heart out!

KLONNGG

CRA-AAM!

WHAM!

Barby Doll, I'm afraid I've got some **bad news** . . . and some **good news** for you! First . . . I **shot** and **killed** your **Father!**

Okay . . . now tell me the **BAD news!**

Oh, **wow!** You're even tougher than **I** am!

Billy Jock, you have to give yourself up! If you **don't**, you'll get yourself **killed!**

I'm **not afraid,** Blue Jean! I'm gonna make a **run** for it!

Do you think you can **make** it?

Oh, I can! But I'm not sure that **Barby Doll** can . . !

Why **not?!?**

'Cause I'm gonna use **her** as a **shield!**

FREE HUEY DEWEY AND LOUIE

Please don't die, Billy Jock! I **need** you! Think what they'll do to my **school** if you die! You **know** how much the towns-people **HATE** my school!

Sure they do! And you know **why?** 'Cause you got a million bucks worth of **sound equipment** and **movie projectors** and **cameras** and **closed circuit TV systems** . . . and all **they've** got is **one leaky, rinky-dinky, run-down old schoolroom!**

I won't come out till you promise to meet my **demands!**

Okay! Anything you **say,** Billy Jock!

He's wanted for **TWO MURDERS!** How can he make **demands!?**

Search me! Listen, this is no time to question the **logic** in this movie!

. . . and demand number **4,999** is that you protect the **school** from the **townspeople!**

And finally, that you bring **love, hope** and **understanding** to people all over the world, **peace** to the **Middle East,** and solve the **Energy Crisis!**

Okay! **Granted!!**

It might take a couple of **days** . . . but **you got it,** Billy Jock!

Oh, Billy Jock . . . I'm so **glad** you didn't **die!**

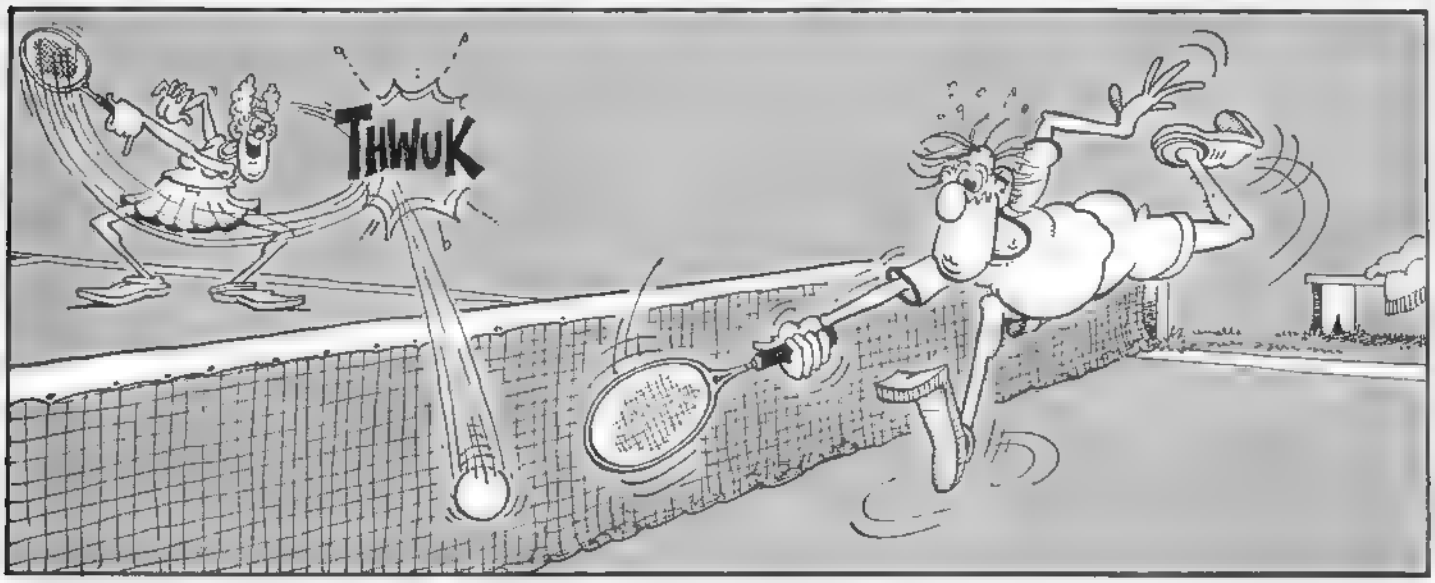
I decided that my death would be a **tragic mistake!** See, if I **DIED** . . . than I couldn't do the **one thing** that's **very important** to me!

You mean **helping other people . . . ?**

No, I mean making a **SEQUEL** to this **picture!**

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE DAY ON A TENNIS COURT



Nothing to see here!

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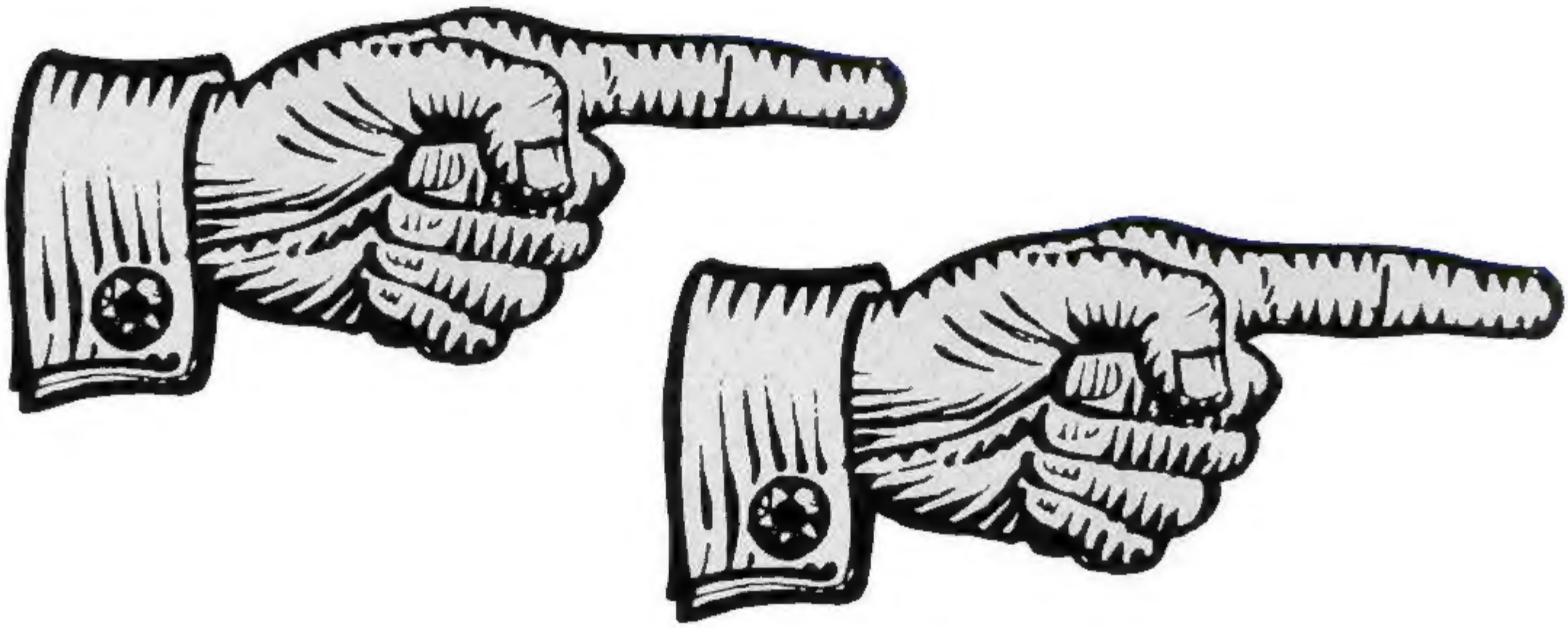

WHAT BIG CAR FEATURE WILL SOON BE INCLUDED IN SMALL ECONOMY CARS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

For generations, Americans have been conditioned to "Big Car" thinking. But now, the energy crisis has ended that. Yet, the "Big Car" appeal still lingers on. One feature that's sure to appear in smaller cars will also appear when you fold in the page as shown at right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THOUGHTFUL BUYERS WANT CARS THAT WILL SAVE PRECIOUS GASOLINE BUT FOR SOME TO SACRIFICE THE BIG CAR'S LUXURIES COULD BE A BIG DRAG

A▸ ◂B

WHAT BIG CAR FEATURE WILL SOON BE INCLUDED IN SMALL ECONOMY CARS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE PRICE TAG

A▸◂B

A MAD MEDICAL REPORT

NAME: Uncle Sam **ADDRESS: U.S.A.**
AGE: 198 **OCCUPATION: National Symbol**

HEAD
Subject suffers chronic headaches of increasing drug abuses, rising crime and urban blight, worsened by the pressures of civil strife.

EYES
Fuzzy vision prevents the subject from focusing on his short-range problems. Also prevents subject from perceiving long-range goals.

NECK
Red in some areas, stiff in most, preventing subject from accepting good advice from his Right or Left.

HEART
Shrinking in size, and hardening, thus weakening his entire system. Fortunately, subject is blessed with a very strong Constitution.

LUNGS
Gasps and wheezes indicate subject is suffering from trade imbalance, as his intake exceeds his output.

STOMACH
Turned, by evidence of corruption and graft on all levels, resulting in occasional internal upheavals.

BUTTOCKS
Bruised and sore from kicks and beatings delivered by nations once considered to be subject's allies.

LEGS
Appear to be atrophied. Patient is unable to keep stride with rapid pace of his overseas competitors.

BRAIN
Signs of severe damage caused by corruption at the top. Possibility of a dangerous major stroke exists unless drastic surgery undertaken.

EARS
Apparent loss of hearing. Subject seems deaf to needs of the economy and pleas of the under-privileged.

SHOULDERS
Sagging from years of carrying the rest of the world. Now weakened to point of being unable to carry self.

CHEST
Partially caved in, indicating the possibility of a future depression.

MUSCLE
Severe deterioration and softening of muscle of subject is obvious, due to a lack of National Purpose.

HANDS
A creeping paralysis is apparent, preventing the subject from grasping his role in a changing world.

INTESTINAL TRACT
Clogged with bureaucratic waste, causing overall sluggish behavior.

KNEES
Fortunately, in good shape, since subject may be forced to his soon.

FEET
Arches collapsing. Feet unable to bear weight of over-inflated body.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD